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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

Rest On Our Laurels?

WASHINGTON, it seems, is beginning to needle Ottawa about taking an active part in the European Recovery Plan; they are suggesting that we should not only make our goods available to be bought with American dollars but that we should put up some dollars ourselves. Nothing could be more natural from their viewpoint or more irritating from ours.

On the one hand Washington is naturally anxious to be able to counter the typical charge made by U.S. isolationists (and there are still millions of them) that England and Europe have "sold Uncle Sam a pup". The most effective answer to this sort of charge is that other nations like Canada are carrying their share of the load. In particular, it seems only reasonable that, if U.S. is helping Britain, Canada, a member of the Commonwealth, should be helping too.

On the other hand we can justly claim that we do not need to be needed. We can point with pride to the contributions we have already made to European recovery. On any reasonable basis of comparison we have done far more than the United States. They did not consult us about the form or size of their plan; there is no suggestion that we should have any control over its administration; they have got all the credit for it abroad; so why should they expect us to chip in now?

The danger is that we shall be provoked into resting on our laurels—a comfortable but discreditable attitude. There is something of this flavor in speeches which Mr. Abbott and other cabinet ministers have made in the past few months. It is a good thing that both we and the Americans should realize how much we have done already; it would not be a good thing at all if we refused to do anything more.

Mr. Abbott and others have been suggesting that we "cannot" do much if anything more because of our shortage of U.S. dollars. From now on we must sell all our exports for cash; we cannot afford to send them abroad as gifts or financed by our credits to Britain and other countries. This sounds plausible; and it contains a large element of truth.

But it leaves us with the comforting feeling that we are stopped by some insuperable financial obstacle from doing anything further. That is not so. If enough of us, in enough parts of the country, really want to help we can. The obstacle, and this is the important point—is political, not financial or economic. It is that Canada, as a whole, "would not stand for" the difficulties and annoyances involved.

If we let Britain and other countries draw freely on their remaining Canadian credits, amounting to about \$350 millions, what would happen? This would intensify shortages here and perhaps involve further price increases. Further, our U.S. dollar position might be threatened with more exports going overseas, less money going to the United States, or Canadians might try to make up for shortages here by buying more from the United States; in either case we might have to make our restrictions on U.S. imports more severe than at present.

These, then, are the costs of further aid to Britain and Europe; continued shortages, higher prices, and more government interference with imports and perhaps with trade within the country. The government may be right that we simply will not put up with any more of these things. But they should not invite us to rest on our laurels by telling us that we cannot afford to do anything more.

Italian Elections

IT IS impossible to understand the situation which exists now, before the elections, and that which will exist after the elections, in Italy, if one applies the considerations which would operate in a similar situation in Canada, the United States, or any English-speaking country. The concept of a government party and an

(Continued on Page Five)



—Photo by Karsh

Jackson Dodds, C.B.E., formerly General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, is now Commissioner of Canada's Boy Scouts whose General Council is holding its annual meeting in Ottawa this week.

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
Universities to Campaign for Better Support.....	Jean Tweed 6
Unemployment Insurance as Strike Benefit?.....	B. K. Sandwell 9
The Indiscretion of Marshal Sokolovsky.....	Willson Woodside 14
David Low—Cartoonist Worth More Than Battleship.....	R. Da Costa 22
The "Pacific Scandal" Seen in Retrospect.....	Edwin C. Guillet 24
Should Ottawa Reduce Taxes or Pay Off Debt?.....	Hart Buck 42

For a Flare of Color All Through the Season

By Collier Stevenson



Simplicity itself is this little country cottage with its wistaria-clad trellis angled to induce generous bloom. Befittingly, the garden, a tiny clearing in a setting of tall trees, has been developed along equally simple lines. Korean box, lillies and rock-plants line the low stone walls.

IN COMMON with the jewels used in personal adornment, the flowers which are their garden counterpart require gracious and becoming settings. Lawn, vine, shrub and tree when placed effectively provide settings that cannot but be flattering. Flowering trees and shrubs with colored foliage are particularly happy for such settings as they echo the floral colorings of the lower-growing plants.

The golden syringa is a mass of yellow leafage all through the growing season, the variegated dogwood a happy combination of silvery white and green. The golden elder again introduces sunny-hued foliage, but it is rather too large in scale for other than spacious grounds. As for the glowing richness of purples and reds, we have the red-leaved barberry, the Japanese purple maple and the prunus pissardi or purple plum. There is one variety of weigelia (nana variegata) that has variegated gold leaves, and there's a spirea aurea with bright yellow-green foliage. As for silvery foliage, variety is offered by the silver berry or elaeagnus and the sea buckthorn.

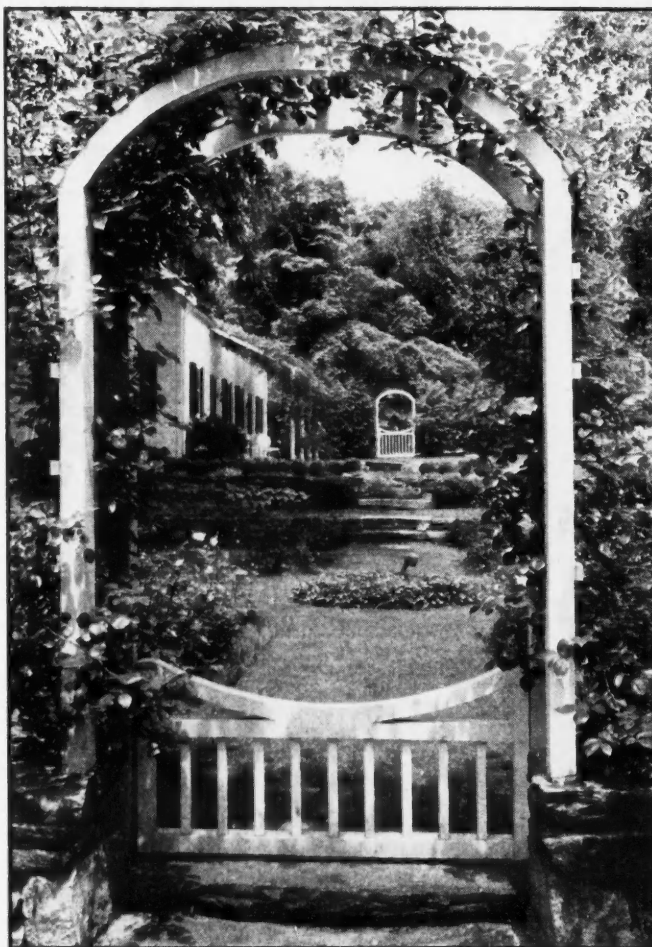
Even trees contribute colorful foliage to the floral setting notably the Koster blue spruce which does not belie its name. Beautiful, too, for large properties is that superb tree, the copper beech. Of other ornamental trees, some are noted for their flowers, others for grace of form or foliage. The choice, therefore, is wide.

PERENNIAL flowers—no wonder their popularity grows with every year! Primarily, of course, this popularity probably is due to their diversified beauty, but the season-long blooming period assured by careful selection is not to be discounted as an important point in perennials now ranking high in favor. Hardiness is another commendable quality, as it permits perennials to be planted in any desired location as a permanent feature to gain in vigor and eye-appeal year after year.

To concentrate on perennials to the exclusion of annuals would be to lose such long-time friends as the nasturtium, morning glory, dianthus, sweet pea, mignonette, phlox Drummondii, salvia, portulaca, marigold, balsam, larkspur, ageratum, petunia, zinnia, aster, cosmo, stocks, pansy, verbenas and scabiosa. They fill in gaps in beds with quick color when perennials still are immature, and supply unexcelled planting material for window and porch boxes, for urns and tubs which add such a pleasant touch of summery decoration to home exteriors.



The beauty of flowering trees as an accent to lower-growing flowers is to the fore in this artistically planted garden.



In this long-range view of the garden topping this page it at once is evident that varied grades have definite appeal.



Dogwood trees, unfortunately not hardy everywhere in Canada, crown this funkia-edged border of various flowering shrubs.

Plant Annuals, Perennials, Shrubs and Trees



Whether or not a garden is to be a real asset depends on neither size nor location, but on the right preparation and provision of facilities for day-by-day enjoyment. Pictured above and below is one very effective suggestion.

A smart idea, this, mothers of the younger fry will agree, for behind the tall screened partition children can play all day long under watchful eyes.



The garage-walled city garden shown in the two views above is far from big, but the awning-topped flag terrace affords a pleasant haven on hottest days.



Another little wall-bounded garden as portrayed here is different in type, for all its space excepting the gravel walk is devoted to bright flowers.

Even though a garden may be too limited in size to admit of extensive planting, that need not involve a lack of bloom through the season. For certain old favorites thrive in tubs and boxes, as proven here by petunias.

—EDDIE, Richard Averill Smith

Dear Mr. Editor

Shades of Erasmus

DEAN S. F. TEELE'S articles on university education for business (S.N., March 13 and 20) strike me as something of a revelation. Since 1881, we are reminded, courses in accounting have been introduced into university curricula but now at last the objects of such "education" are given us.

One aim, says your writer, is to develop competent administrators. To find out what this means Harvard and *Fortune* ask some 4000 executives, judged "successful" by some test not disclosed, whence their victory came. They with united breath, and no false modesty, say: we can handle people, we can make decisions, we have some learning (but that is "of less importance"), we can work hard, we can see things through, and we have imagination (the last three factors being of course "far less important"). Shades of Alcuin and Erasmus!

The second aim is to develop men to be leaders in public affairs. In other words a university, asked to "educate" men for business, proceeds to train them to neglect their business and to interfere in public life. Plato wished the philosopher to be king; Harvard offers the crown to the modest "executive."

This thing must be good because in 13 weeks 38 of these key (sic) men—\$10,000 a year men too, mark you—achieve such miracles of administrative and managerial skill that their companies cheerfully spend \$5000 apiece on them. (But are expenses at Harvard as high as \$200 a week?). How silly this makes poor old Dean Colet and Isaac Newton look and the mediaeval founders of universities with their shabby black gowns, and not a \$10,000 a year key-man among them! All they could do was to study and write and think a bit and, incidentally, to change the whole current of human life and progress.

St. John's, Newfoundland. A. G. HATCHER
President,
Memorial University College

Life With Uncle Sam?

AS AN Englishwoman, brought up on the sturdy independence of the *Manchester Guardian*, I want to tell you how very much I admire your editorials. I have read the suggestions in "Life With Uncle Sam" (S.N., March 20) and agree most heartily with what you say. Don't ever admit for one moment that political union with the U.S. is to be contemplated. We can be good neighbors and leave it at that. But the freedom of thought for which our ancestors fought and died must never be endangered.

Victoria, B.C. MARY ASHWORTH

Total Eclipse

RE WYNNE PLUMPTRE'S article, "Commonwealth or U.S.—Which Do We Choose?" In the present state of world affairs, any proposal of closer relationship between democratic countries is worthy of study from the angle of "how can we do it," rather than from the "why it can't be done" standpoint.

If it becomes necessary again for the democratic countries to unite militarily against a common enemy (which is definitely possible if not highly probable), they should be able to do so more quickly and more effectively if they are already united economically.

No clear proof has been advanced that customs union with the U.S. must inevitably lead to political union or "annexation." A customs

On the Impending Election

NOW the folk who subsist on spaghetti and rolls are intending tomorrow to go to the polls. And the lively concern in the coming dispute is by no means restricted to those in the Boot; For American planes are stuffed tight as they dare. With instructions to voters on how to be "fair"; They are told (though the wording is far more discreet.) If they vote the wrong way there'll be little to eat;

And the U.S.S.R. has exported its minions To change the Italian electors' opinions; They're also bamboozled by many a talker Expressly instructed by Tito and Pauker.

Is it, then, the *Italians* who're going to vote For the ray in the dark or the rope on the throat?

Is it *their* voice we'll hear at the polls? Not at all—

It's the Balkans, the Kremlin, and Tammany Hall!

J.E.P.



—Photo by Serevitz

A 21-year-old musical ambassador to Europe this summer will be Marian Grudeff, talented Toronto pianist. She will perform in London, Amsterdam, The Hague, Paris, Brussels and Oslo. Before leaving in May she will appear with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at the final concert of the season, on April 20, in aid of the Retirement Fund.

union would involve some sacrifice on the part of both countries, as well as gain, as is true of any union. But it does not follow that the sacrifice of a certain amount of our national sovereignty would mean the total eclipse of our national identity. In a parallel case, surely no one took the stand that customs union of Britain, France and the Benelux countries must inevitably turn every Englishman into a Dutchman, or a Dutchman into a Frenchman.

Toronto, Ont. JOHN C. NEALE

The Shout Therapy

RE "THE STAMMERING CHILD" by Frederick Edge (S.N., March 6), from my school age until I was nearly 40 years old, I was one of the worst stammerers you could find. But I cured myself. As Staff Sgt. Major of the Winnipeg Grenadiers in charge of all administration of the various battalions I had to speak.

I found out that the throat is the main organ of speech; so I went ahead and developed this organ by shouting commands to imaginary squads and platoons.

Winnipeg, Man. W. A. R. DANIELS

Praise for Godden

PROBABLY few Canadians know just what forthright praise Detroit critics really gave Reginald Godden, your recent cover study (S.N., March 13), when he played three concerts there. Canadians so seldom acknowledge the existence of their own creative and performing artists that it must come as a distinct shock when U.S. papers devote considerable space and three-column headlines to a professional concert given by a Canadian. The music critics of Detroit accepted Godden as a pianist, not just a "visiting Canadian," and they judged him accordingly. After the first recital, J. Dorsey Callaghan wrote in the *Free Press*: "Music, like literature, has a way of losing perspective until it is revived by a master of its medium and its time. . . His 'Appassionata', which should be classed with the best of them, bears the inescapable marks of personality."

Harvey Taylor, music critic of the *Detroit Times*, held up Godden as an example to hometown talent: "His way of playing Debussy is worth a lot of study by any aspiring pianist." He capped that by stating that Godden was

one of the best Debussy players he has ever heard. After Godden's third concert, the *Times* critic started his story, under a three-column banner, by saying that it was the most distinguished one-man performance of the current music season! The last sentence in this review would be appreciated by concert-artists everywhere. "We hope," he said, "to hear a lot more of Godden in Detroit."

Despite the undoubted allure of such an invitation, we rather fancy that Reginald Godden, who also finds time to teach at the Royal Conservatory of Music, would much rather obtain similar laurels from his own countrymen.

Toronto, Ont. JOHN COZENS

Canadian Drama

ELSIE PARK GOWAN'S entertaining letter (S.N., April 3) suggests that the "script of 'Deirdre'" is not a Canadian work. Manifestly it isn't, in the sense she means. But just as manifestly it is, in the sense argued in the preface to the printed book and never, so far as I know, refuted.

If I have "not yet moved here in mind and spirit", is such a move a simple act of will? Are the deep roots which nourish the imaginative life as movable as an immigrant's baggage?

I have tried to write a Canadian play—but I've written none that satisfies me; none, as yet, that seems to me rooted more than surface deep. Meanwhile, I think Canadian theatre is not so overwhelmed by new Canadian plays that it should feel no special interest in new Irish-Canadian plays. My complaint was that our directors and actors are so busy with old and non-Canadian plays—including old Irish plays—that my new one had to be sent to Ireland for production.

Toronto, Ont. JOHN COULTER

Hansard Society

YOUR editorial "The Hansard Society" (S.N., April 3) was indeed welcome. I have been reading Hansard debates since 1939 and have been struck by the great number of inconsequential interruptions and the childish and silly things that are said. The general public in reading Hansard will be made aware of these same abuses; our citizens pay the piper.

St. Catharines, Ont. E. M. HOBEN

Passing Show

BRITISH government spokesmen term the idea of a state lottery "fantastic", which in Britain these days is another word for quite likely.

There is now an International Trade Organization, and it would not be surprising if there were soon a little international trade.

If it is true that the Ontario law assumes that only one person at a time can be driving a motor-car it should be amended at once.

Arline Judge has been granted alimony from her fifth husband. Is alimony concurrent or consecutive?

News that there is 440 million dollars in the unemployment insurance fund will suggest to a lot of people that it is time they got themselves unemployed.

Suggestions that we ought to keep calm about Palestine seem open to the criticism that the Palestinians should begin it.

A Canadian convict is doing his seventy-sixth term in jail, and we think he should have a free pass and not be put to the trouble of committing a fresh crime each time.

The Oysters Are Silent

The Communist leader in Poland says that the United Front in that country is finished; it has no significance except as the acknowledged forerunner of fusion with Communism. No objection has been heard from the other United Front parties; "And that was hardly odd, because They'd eaten every one."

The Baby Export libel case was not a total loss to the province of Alberta. A Toronto lawyer had to pay \$1,200 for the privilege of pleading the case of a Toronto defendant in an Alberta court.

A man in Dalhousie is sentenced to jail for collecting unemployment benefits when he was really at work. This seems fair; now he will really be unemployed, but won't collect any benefits.

In order to keep his mother-in-law at a distance a man in Tennessee built a fence across his living room. We hope he was able to keep his bride from sitting on it.

The *Montreal Gazette's* headline writer persists in describing the Hon. Laurent Paré's remarks about Jewish doctors as "anti-Semitic." They were pretty sickening.

In Haliburton, Ont., a minister is sowing \$5 bills among his congregation to inspire them to raise money for the church. The trouble is that Haliburton is such stony ground.

Lucy says we ought not to forget that oleomargarine comes from contented sunflowers.

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The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

opposition is not present to the minds of the people of the majority of countries in Europe, which is one of the main reasons why so many "governments" parties continue in existence although their leaders know that they have no hope of ever securing anything like half of the total representation. The concept that actually is in the minds of these people is a "government" in which are represented, more or less in proportion to their electoral strength, all or nearly all of the groups which have any popular following; if any such groups are left out it is because they refuse to cooperate, not because they are considered to have no right to enter.

The technique of government, which is obviously fatal to any strong and coherent policy, is highly advantageous to the Communists so long as they are not actually in complete control; once they obtain control, of course, the whole concept is at once ditched and nobody except Communists is allowed in any position of real power. With a vote of about 33 per cent, which is apparently about what the Italian Communists might expect to achieve or even slightly to improve on, they will demand one-third of the portfolios in the government, and in ordinary circumstances public opinion will support them in this demand, simply because that is the accepted principle on which European governments are made up. They will insist, however, that these portfolios shall include two or three which constitute key positions, such as police, defence, justice and the like; and should they get control of these departments their ministers will manage them without the slightest regard for the views of the other members of the government. This was the actual cause of the Czechoslovak resignations; the Gottwald faction were operating their key departments precisely as if a Communist regime were in full power, and the resignations were intended as an appeal to the electors to vote against this assumption of power by individual ministers.

In Italy if they are not given these offices (as they probably will not be) they will not accept the position of a "loyal opposition" and await another election, as our defeated parties do; they will complain that they are being unjustly excluded from office and call upon their followers to sabotage the government.

The task of operating the democratic system in a country where a quarter or a third of the electors have no faith in that system and are perfectly willing to overthrow it in order to get into power is a pretty difficult one.

Books of Reference

OF THE twenty tallest buildings in the United States, eighteen are in New York. One, which ranks last but one, is in Chicago. In what city is the other one, which is well up in the fifties? You don't know? See page 632 of "Information Please Almanac 1948" (Doubleday, \$3.00), which has acquired high rank among the best sellers in the United States, and which has a good deal of resemblance to Whitely's in England, with slightly less statistical and more human-interest information. It is not excessively American; there are for example 55 items under Canada in the index, and under Siam. To our great surprise we find that every one of forty-eight States has a State song; there seems to be an idea here for Duplessis, for he might well claim that a meddling and tyrannical Dominion has stolen "O Canada" from Quebec—for which, and for this far-flung land of nine provinces, it was unquestionably written. A great many of the State songs are admittedly "unofficial," and there is a shocking tendency for a number of States to dispute ownership of the same State Bird. These are among the lighter items, what is really a most remarkable compilation of useful knowledge, edited by John Kieran, and including a Guide for the 1948 elections (U.S.) if you feel you need one.

The new (1948) "Canadian Almanac and Directory" (Copp Clark, \$8.50) is a less far-ranging but in its field more complete collection of information. It has added forty pages to its size since its last (and hundredth) issue, including five more pages of "Associations and Societies"—a most valuable feature,—and a list of radio stations and their managers. For reasons which we have never fathomed, the Department of National Defence is still, as in all recent issues, nowhere near the other Dominion government departments; this is not



THE MATING SEASON

serious, as there is an excellent index, but it is puzzling. The office of provincial secretary of the C.C.F. in Nova Scotia appears to be vacant. Dogs are in under Customs (tariff); cats are not in it; the Rockefeller Foundation is in but not the Guggenheim; every conceivable kind of public official is listed, and a great many private ones, and they get more numerous every year. The index has been moved from the front to the back; we shall probably have got used to that by the two hundredth anniversary, and then they will doubtless move it back again.

Canadian Universities

TODAY there is more talk about universities—about what they are doing and what they should do—than ever before. The war, and its aftermath in terms of tens of thousands of ex-service men and women attending classes and doing research, has raised a host of new problems. And these problems will not disappear with the "vets"; our universities will never be the same again. An article on these matters by Jean Tweed appears on page 6.

Some of the new tasks can be undertaken by all our universities; others, more specialized, can only be undertaken by a few. For instance, only at Toronto and McGill is it practicable to set up graduate schools of any size, and of these two the Toronto school is by far the larger. We congratulate the Toronto Board of Governors in setting aside \$100,000 for research and publication in the sciences and humanities. Next month the University of Toronto launches its campaign for funds and for increased interest on the part of its graduates all across the country. We wish it every success.

The Rates Decision

THERE is no safe policy that Parliament can adopt towards the report of the Board of Transport Commissioners on railway rates except to leave it alone. The fixing of railway rates is not a task which can be successfully performed by an elected legislative body. It is a judicial function, not a legislative one, and persons performing a judicial function cannot properly be held responsible to the electorate, who in their capacity as consumers of transportation are one of the chief parties to this case.

We can imagine nothing more ruinous to the whole parliamentary government than that candidates for the House of Commons should vie with one another as to the amount of money that they have diverted or will divert from the revenues of the railways to the pockets of producers, shippers and consumers. In such a rivalry, with the pocket of every elector directly affected, we might easily find ourselves being governed by persons elected because of their professed belief that owners of railways have no property rights worth bothering with, and all the income they have been obtaining from their properties can be rightly distributed to the people who use the railways.

Parliament can properly lay down certain basic principles by which the burden of transportation costs should be distributed among the different classes of users. It has done so and

will continue to do so from time to time. Within the limits of those principles the Board should have complete freedom and its decisions should be final.

A Bank on the Dollar

EACH of the larger Canadian banks prints a monthly letter through which it helps to keep its clients and others abreast of business and financial developments in this country. Among these publications the *Monthly Review* of the Bank of Nova Scotia stands a little apart because, from the beginning, it has set itself rather different objectives from the others.

It is not concerned with immediate matters of markets and prices; it stands back and surveys national problems from a national point of view. In this field it is unique and indispensable. There is no other monthly publication in Canada that provides such reasoned and mature articles on current Canadian economic problems. There is all too little of this sort of work done outside Ottawa.

We are specially impressed by the two most recent issues. They attack the question of exchange depreciation at home and abroad. They lead to the conclusion that much of the talk about exchange depreciation is ill-informed and short-sighted, that depreciation would cause more problems than it would solve. We have not seen a fuller or clearer discussion of this question anywhere.

Gagging the Opposition

IN ALL the sixty years in which SATURDAY NIGHT has been observing and commenting on the proceedings of the legislators of this Dominion and its provinces, we doubt if there has been a more flagrant effort to gag an opposition party and prevent it from performing its proper function than that which has been made in recent weeks by the party which now controls the Quebec legislature.

Since March 22 the government party has had no more legislation to put through, but has been getting its appropriations voted for the ensuing year; and these appropriations have been subjected to a good deal of criticism by opposition speakers. This criticism of, and inquiry into, the estimates and votes of money is by all odds the most important function of an opposition.

But Premier Duplessis has consistently taken the line that all the time spent in this inquiry and criticism is pure waste; and for many successive days his party organization, the Union Nationale, has been publishing in the newspapers of the province a two-column-wide seven-inch-deep advertisement headed "Obstruction at \$7,000 a Day", with a thermometer scale rising in \$7,000 jumps day by day. The text stated that "in principle the session is ended" since the government legislation has been completed; "The Liberals, however, persist unnecessarily in prolonging the debates at the expense of the people. Watch the thermometer rise from day to day."

It is quite bad enough that our governments make an almost invariable practice of bringing down a large part, and the dubious part, of their estimates in the closing hours of the session, in the hope that the mere fatigue of the legislators, together with their desire to get

back to their ordinary tasks, will lead to their getting passed without much scrutiny. But this business of representing the scrutiny itself as a waste of the people's money, and suggesting that the legislature's only task is to pass the laws which the government proposes, is going much further, and much too far.

Eat Your Toast Dry

WE FEAR that the *Montreal Star* is going to get some of its readers into trouble. It has been looking up the text of the Dairy Industry Act of 1910, and it has conceived the idea that "the lawmakers have neglected to prohibit the making of margarine for personal use or distribution among friends". Unfortunately the text of the Act does not justify this slur on the intelligence of the lawmakers. It says: "No person shall (a) manufacture, import into Canada, or offer, sell or have in his possession for sale, any oleomargarine, butterine, or other substitute for butter, manufactured wholly or in part from any fat other than that of milk or cream." The adverbial phrase "for sale" limits only the verb "have". The prohibition against manufacturing, importing and offering or selling is absolute.

We have also to warn our readers that notwithstanding the shortage of butter, any effort on their part to "stretch" it by working milk into it, even though unaccompanied by any other sort of fat, is absolutely prohibited and illegal, even though done solely for personal consumption, if it results in the butter containing more water or less milk fat than the prescribed standard. (We assume, we think safely, that the butter manufacturers will have seen to it that the butter we buy contains practically no less water and practically no more milk fat than the prescribed standard.) Here is the law on the subject: "No person shall (b) mix with or incorporate with butter, by any process of heating, soaking, re-churning, reworking or otherwise, any cream, milk, skimmed milk, buttermilk or water to cause such butter when so treated to contain over 16 per centum of water or less than eighty per centum of milk fat." Not a word about private consumption or offering for sale; just "No person shall mix with or incorporate" etc.

So take our advice and don't mix with or incorporate; just eat your toast dry.

How Violence Comes

THERE has been a great deal of justified indignation expressed in many quarters over the outbreak of disorder in Windsor last week in which a mob of persons described, perhaps inaccurately, as high school students wrecked the offices of the Labor-Progressive party. We fully share in that indignation, but we feel impelled to point out that not everybody is entitled to do so, and that organized labor in the Windsor district, and the United Automobile Workers in particular, are the last people who should throw a stone at their misguided juniors.

A few years ago, about the time when these juniors were forming their impressions of the sort of law and order and ethical atmosphere in which they were growing up, the automobile workers gave a demonstration of disorder and lawlessness, by seizing the cars of passing motorists, forcing out the occupants, and using the vehicles to barricade the streets of Windsor. On that and many other occasions all attempts by the police to protect the rights of property (about which Mr. Burt of the U.A.W. is now so concerned) were denounced and combatted by the strikers as an atrocious use of the power of the state to benefit one class and tyrannize over another. Violence breeds violence and disorder disorder.

CONCERNING RIFF-RAFF

"IF you give the riff-raff enough to eat, A place to live and enough to wear, With boots and socks for their clumsy feet, And entertainment everywhere, You'll see a time of unbroken peace, And a lot of leisure for our Police."

So sneak the wise, the superior folk, The Labor leaders, the Welfare lads, Who think that Sin is an ancient joke, Just one of the pre-psychiatric fads, Not knowing, whatever they try to do, That they're a part of the riff-raff too.

For every man who looks down his nose At you, or you, or even at me, A-pluming himself on what he knows, Is rightly named as a Pharisee. We all go wrong at some time or other, But the Pharisee is a constant brother.

J. E. M.

Universities Campaign for Better Support

By JEAN TWEED

Crowded halls, harassed, over-worked professors, inadequate library facilities are seen today in universities all over Canada and the United States. Consequently, drives for funds have been found necessary. Next month the University of Toronto will ask industry and private benefactors to give it \$6,000,000 for building purposes. The government of Ontario has donated \$7,000,000.

With universities constantly expanding, their importance in community and national affairs becomes more and more apparent. Here is a report on some of the problems and difficulties they are facing.

THERE used to be two distinct ideas about University life, and University inhabitants. One was the ivory tower college, with cloistered halls, grave dons and bespectacled students. The second was the "rah rah" university, full of blonde co-eds, football games, cheerleaders, musical comedies and raccoon coats. There is now a third conception, that of the stepping-stone to careers in business, professions, politics et al. It is a healthy, forceful idea, with some inherent pitfalls.

The modern university has two main purposes, to train enlightened leaders, and to extend the present frontiers of knowledge. Consequently universities no longer regard themselves apart and above the madding crowd, nor do they exist for the entertainment of the purposeless stu-

dent. Professors consider they are part of community life, not an excrescence on top of it. The modern professor is not the absent-minded lovable soul who arrives at classes minus his trousers; he is more likely to resemble a managing director and may even wear both braces and a belt.

The main pitfall of the modern university is that it may turn into a glorified "vocational" school. The new Chancellor of the University of Toronto, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, in his inaugural address, spoke of the two main obstacles to university progress, "the curse of bigness" and "irrelevant expansion". Most universities in the United States and Canada are afflicted with both. At the moment, Toronto University is catering to 18,200 graduate and undergraduate students with a library designed to accommodate 2,500. It has 22 faculties and numerous extra-curricular activities like a School for Safe Driving.

Back to "Normal"?

Most universities are aware of their faults and are hoping that when the present veteran students have graduated, the over-registration will fall back to normal. However "normal" from now on will be much higher than pre-war depression, and every university in the country is faced with the necessity for expansion in buildings and staff. There is also a struggle taking place to make standards higher so that some of the superfluous students who take up space without contributing intelligence, will be dropped.

However, since it takes trained men to understand the technological processes of industry in the world today, the chances are that university registration will remain at a very high level. This means more buildings, more equipment, more staff and more money. The money will have to come from all of us in one way or another, either by government grants or by direct contributions, or the payment of fees. Universities have started putting on campaigns for funds, the latest campaigner in the field being the University of Toronto.

On May the first the University will open its drive for \$13,000,000. The provincial government has put up seven million, and graduates, industries, and individual benefactors are asked to put up the other six million. Most of it will go for buildings. Already three new buildings are being constructed, and next on the list (it is hoped) will be a new Library.

Dr. Sidney Smith, president of the University of Toronto, has expressed the need for a new Arts Building, a new Library, a new Men's Residence, a Women's Hart House, and various extensions to existing buildings. And those are the needs of just one of a round dozen Canadian universities. Now the raising of money and the construction of buildings are fairly mechanical matters; but the raising of standards and the selection of staffs is far more important and far more difficult.

More Than Buildings

A university can have the most modern of buildings, the finest of plumbing, and still be a total loss if the staff is inadequate. The better the professor, the better the student, and the better the university. Well then, supposing all the Canadian universities get their new buildings, expand their programs, increase their registrations, from where is the necessary super-staff to come? If standards are to remain high in the undergraduate schools, naturally the professors will have to be highly-trained, skilled men with doctorate degrees.

And if the public is going to support the universities to the tune of many, many millions of dollars annually they don't want their money wasted by turning out a bunch of half-trained students. The standards must be kept as high as possible, and the professors must be the best calibre obtainable. But—and it is an immense but—there is very little op-

portunity for students to take doctorate degrees in Canada. Most Canadian universities give doctorates in one or two departments, but only McGill and Toronto have Graduate Schools worthy of the name, and even these are hampered by the lack of adequate facilities.

The result in former years has been that the majority of our professors-to-be have gone to United States universities. (Before the war the University of Chicago estimated that the second largest group of graduate students at Chicago came from Toronto. The largest group came from Chicago). But today United States universities are as jam-packed as we are, and are not able to take care of our graduate students adequately. Therefore we are now

forced to look after our own, and, according to John Bartlett Brebner, well-known economist and educationalist, "Canada ought no longer to be so largely dependent on foreign universities. The questions of the day ought to be the building up of Canadian universities so as to serve a far larger group of advanced students and the interlocking of this domestic graduate training with that pursued abroad."

The only way in which we can provide ourselves with top staffs is to extend the graduate schools in all the universities. The University of Toronto has taken the initiative in setting up a diversified and substantial Graduate School. Last summer its Graduate School got a shot in the arm, with a new constitution, a new

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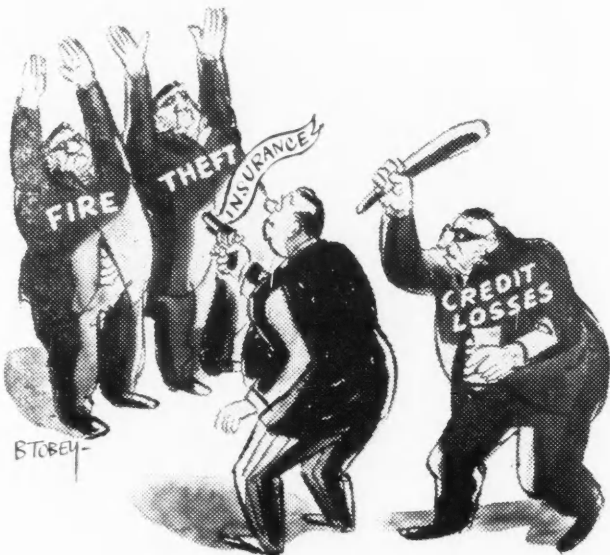
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Thanks to the authority the new constitution gives him, Dr. H. A. Innis, Dean of the Graduate School, assisted by Dr. A. R. Gordon and Dr. F. C. A. Jeanneret, has been able to do some trail-blazing and red-tape burning. Professors have been encouraged to original research by having some of their administration duties lifted. Professors working in the Graduate School may now obtain Teaching Assistance so that they may hire help in the marking of papers etc. The Board of Governors has set aside an annual amount in excess of \$100,000 for the direct support of research and publication in all the sciences and the humanities. It is not enough but it is a start. And a policy has been inaugurated of bringing in top experts from the United States to give short, intensive courses in their fields.

Fostering Research

The Graduate School has another function than training incipient professors, and that is the fostering of original research. And that research determines to a great extent the future of the country and of the world. Out of the projects developed by professors and senior students come the new ideas and discoveries which form the patterns of living for the rest of us. Wartime research in the Graduate Schools of McGill and Toronto produced RDX, the electronic microscope, new gasses, biological weapons and so forth. Peacetime university research has given us insulin and the new propellant DINA. In the field of the humanities and social sciences Graduate Schools have presented the world with new social service techniques, analyses of social trends and movement which broaden our understanding and provide the knowledge to cope with the complexities of the modern world.

But the most efficient results can be obtained only when the Graduate School is a coordinated, cohesive whole, working on large, long-range projects. The individual student's research should be a small part of a whole. It is a profitless effort to have one student mulling over the medieval gowns of the Franciscan monks in one corner, and another student delving into the head-dresses of the Ancient Incas, unless the end result is to be incorporated in a much bigger project, like, let us say, "The Evolution and Social Effect of Textiles, Ornaments and Clothing on the Civilizations of Mankind". And that is the function of a Graduate School, to evolve, co-ordinate and foster such long-range projects.

Another division which has sprung up out of modern life has been the compartmentalizing of studies. The sciences and the humanities have been slowly diverging. This has proven a very dangerous practice and has given rise to the theory that our culture is not equal to controlling the sciences. Our present quandary over the control and use of atomic energy is a fine example. Chancellor Massey put his finger right on the spot when he said "The world needs scientific philosophers and philosophical scientists. The contest between science and the humanities is surely a meaningless strife. If true to itself, science must possess many of the blessings which the humanities themselves confer on their devotees. We have been rightly asked by thoughtful men to look on science itself as one of the great humanities. We need to bear in mind the warning: 'You may not divide the seamless coat of learning'."

Close Contact Needed

This then is another function of a Graduate School, to coordinate the work of the great departments of learning to keep the sciences, the humanities and the social sciences working together at a common level. To do this Graduate Schools all over Canada, the United States, Great Britain, Europe, Asia, in all corners of the world, must be in close contact under the guidance of men of great experience, knowledge, understanding and perception. If Canada is to obtain the services of teachers

of this calibre, Canadians must be prepared to provide much greater financial support.

This has been a brief and simplified attempt to point out one of the greatest lacks in Canadian education, the lack of properly coordinated, equipped, Graduate Schools. It is a problem which is in the forefront of the minds of nearly all educationalists who believe in scholarship for Canada. William James, the philosopher, had this to say, which seems to sum up the whole problem very neatly:

"The world is only beginning to see that the wealth of a nation consists more than in anything else in the number of superior men that it harbors. In the practical realm it has always recognized this and

known that no price is too high to pay for a great statesman or great captains of industry. But it is equally so in the religious and moral sphere, in the poetic and artistic sphere and in the philosophic and scientific sphere. Geniuses are ferments; and when they come together, as they have done in certain lands at certain times, the whole population seems to share in the higher energy which they awaken".

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MAY RICHSTONE



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OTTAWA LETTER

Both Sides of Commons Reluctant About Election on Rates Issue

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

THE C.C.F. want-of-confidence motion on the thorny and unpopular issue of increased freight rates looked so dangerous to some political observers last week that they began speculating about the possibility of a government defeat on Mr. Coldwell's motion, and an immediate general election. Their reasoning was that many Liberals would find it politically damaging in their own constituencies to support the stand of the government on higher freight rates; and that enough of them might join with the opposition on Mr. Coldwell's motion to overcome the slim majority on which the present party-in-power has been operating since 1945.

This letter is being written before Mr. Coldwell's want-of-confidence motion has come to a vote, and in politics as in horse races, anything can happen. But there seemed to be ample confidence in Liberal circles that when the issue came to a vote, the government would survive with a comfortable majority. Indeed, one shrewd and well-posted Liberal member with whom I discussed the prospect went so far as to predict that before the Opposition voted for the want-of-confidence motion, it would make sure any split in Liberal ranks on the issue would not be serious enough to threaten the administration. Supporters of Mr. Coldwell's motion, in other words, would like to reap the political *kudos* of opposing the increase in freight rates, but don't want that *kudos* at the cost of having to fight a general election now.

Well Kept Secret

Although from time to time private members of the Opposition groups do throw out "a ringing challenge" to the government to dissolve parliament and appeal to the people, most members on both sides of the House would face a general election at the moment with considerable reluctance if not repugnance. Oppositions tend to press for immediate elections only when they are reasonably confident of getting into power, or, at a minimum, of improving their standing. Many private members entertain very grave doubts about their ability to come back to Ottawa even if they belong to a political party whose fortunes appear to be improving. There has been nothing in recent polls of public opinion to suggest that Mr. Bracken could get anything like 125 seats in the next House; and though most impartial observers would guess that the events of the past six months have strengthened Mr. Coldwell's position with the electorate, it would require a far more revolutionary change of public opinion to build up the present C.C.F. standing of 28 members into a highly influential, still more into a decisive factor, in forming the next government.

Of course one has to consider also the possibility that the Liberals themselves, satisfied that a general election now would return them to office, might seize upon the freight rates challenge as an excuse to dissolve parliament and appeal to the people for re-election. If the Liberals are cooking up any such scheme, the secret is being well kept. There is no constitutional compulsion to go to the people before the spring of 1950, and Liberal strategists are hardly likely to seize upon a complicated, dull and politically dangerous issue

like the increase in freight rates to justify a premature and unnecessary dissolution of parliament. So, barring some quite fantastic development, the talk of an impending general election can be ignored.

Even Mr. Coldwell's political advantage over the issue of freight rates has its limitations. It is true that the increase in freight rates is resented most keenly and vocally by the prairie provinces and among the farmers, where the bulk of the C.C.F. strength comes from at the moment. But the C.C.F. also draws some strength, and must pin much of its future hopes, upon the support of organized labor. Mr. Coldwell will not find in the C.I.O. or the C.C.L. (and even less among the railway brotherhoods) the same indignation about a 21 per cent increase in freight rates as he hears from primary producers on the prairies, in British Columbia and in the Maritimes. The railwaymen's vote in a great many Canadian ridings is large enough to be influential. And the railwayman knows perfectly well that the prospect of winning higher wages from railway companies already showing a deficit on railway operations is much dimmer than it would be if some dividends were going out to investors.

Though the first public reaction to the Board of Transport's award of 21 per cent increase in freight rates sounded bleak and hostile to the politician's ear, especially from the Maritimes, the prairies and British Columbia; and though some regional rate adjustments must probably, in all equity, be made, yet it is highly likely that upon more mature and careful consideration the Board's finding will receive approval and endorsement over very wide circles. There is no escaping the fundamental fact that transportation costs in Canada have risen, like most everything else, and that these costs must be met; the burden must be carried. There is no hocus-pocus or jiggery-pokery or A plus B theorem which will enable the Canadian people as a whole to avoid footing the bill. All that is left to do is to make up our minds how the increased burden is to be carried.

Must the railway workers carry it, by refraining from demanding increased wages and salaries? Must the investors in railway securities carry it, by waiving dividends? Must the taxpayers of Canada carry it, by meeting the deficits of the Canadian National, and writing off further capital sums? Even if those who use the railways directly were thus to be spared *any* of the burden in the form of higher rates, they would not escape the burden entirely, because as taxpayers, as investors and as suppliers of commodities to railway communities they would be affected by the impaired position of the other members of the community, or foot the bill in some other way.

Chronic Sore Point

It has to be recognized, of course, that freight rates are a chronic sore point with some of the more outlying parts of Canada, and that anything which adds to the already grave burden of transportation costs there revives historic and bitter feelings. Because of a connection which may not appear immediately obvious, any increase in freight rates at once inspires new denunciation of high tariffs, fresh attacks on the National Policy, and a renewal of charges that the pledges of Confederation are being flouted and betrayed.

The Maritimes are especially indignant about this. When they joined the federal union they had relatively low tariffs, controlled by themselves, and they possessed a lucrative two-way trade with Boston and New York. Confederation took away autonomy over their tariffs, and the National Policy in 1879 changed the tariff from a revenue-producing measure to a policy of protection. They accepted without much enthusiasm the National Policy, partly satisfied by repre-

sentations that it would cause factories and workshops to spring up all over the Maritimes. Had this been so, the loss of the cheap import market from New England and New York would have had local compensations. But as Canadian industry tended to become centralized along the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes lowlands, the

Maritimer not only lost his local industry but found the burden of the tariff increasingly heavy in the cost of transporting manufactured articles from London, Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal.

"The burden of the tariff is, primarily, that it tended to compel Nova Scotia to pay the full cost of an ex-

pensive system of transportation," wrote Dr. Harold Innis in the Jones Report of 1934. This is just as true today, and any increase in transportation costs between Nova Scotia and the rest of Canada adds fuel to the flame of resentment against any policies which seem to have been devised with central Canada in mind.



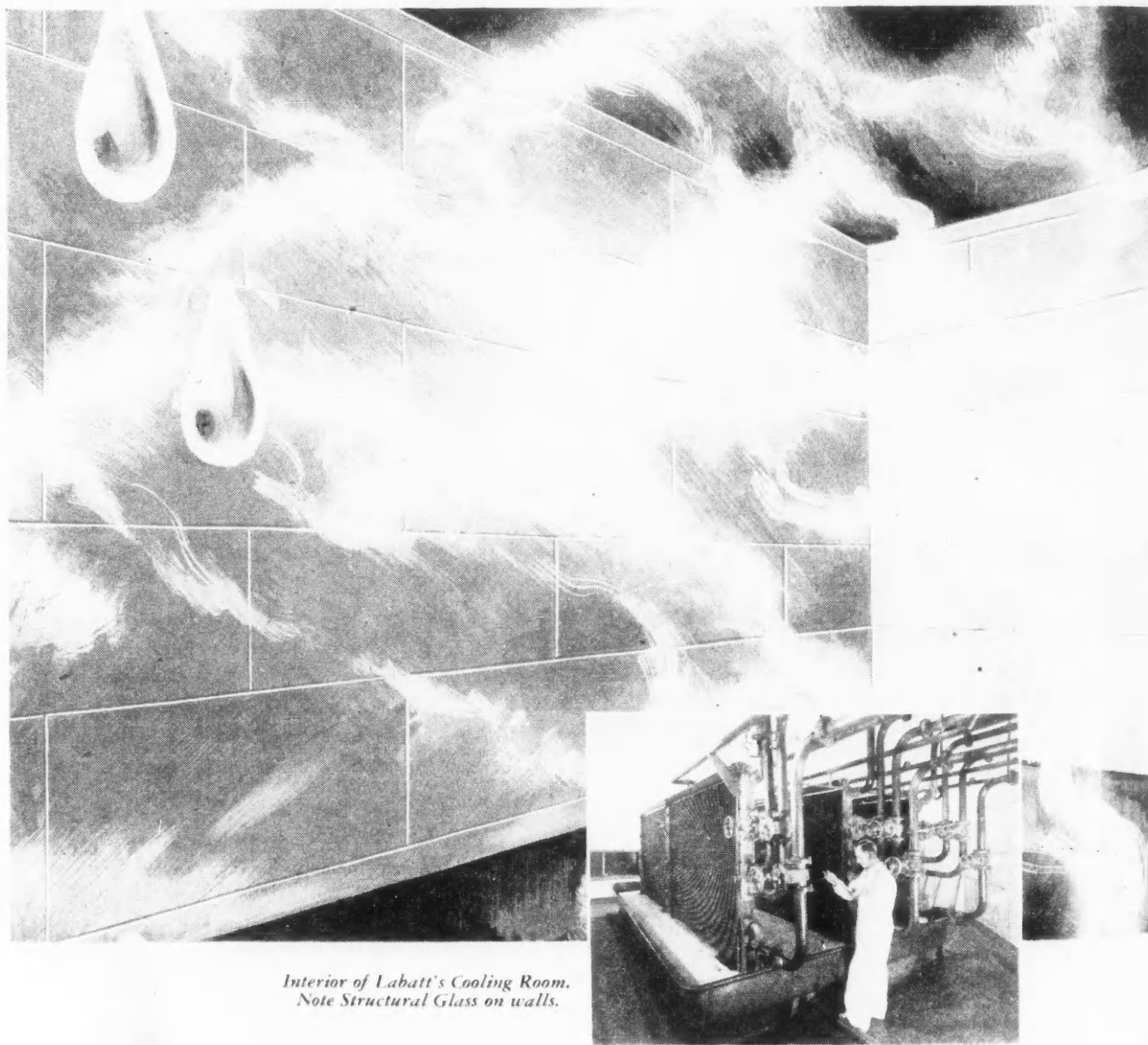
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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

To What Limits Do Strikers Get The Unemployment Insurance?

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE cost of unemployment insurance, which in 1947 was 32 million dollars in benefits plus an additional sum for administration, is actually paid by the consumers of the goods produced by the insured industries. The fund is nominally contributed by the employers and employees in equal proportions, but the employees, at any rate in the well unionized trades, have evaded payment of their share by insisting on a wage scale which takes account of nothing except their "take-home" pay, and nobody imagines that in a seller's market like the present the employers are doing anything with either their own contribution or their increased wage bill except pass it on to the consumer. There is in addition a contribution by the Dominion government which amounts to about one-fifth of combined contributions of the other parties, and the government pays all the administration costs.

Case of Mr. X

It should therefore be a matter of interest to every citizen to know that the funds of the unemployment insurance scheme are being administered with due regard for the propriety of the claims that are paid. And for that reason we think the citizens should be entitled to know more about the case of Mr. X, once employed as a clerk and bench fitter by an Ottawa car and aircraft company, who lost his position on February 21, 1947, "by reason of a stoppage of work due to a labor dispute" at the company's plant. "The stoppage of work ceased on June 11, 1947, and a general resumption of work took place on June 12, 1947. The local of the union to which the claimant belonged maintained that the labor dispute had not terminated and the claimant did not return to work." On August 11, 12, 13 and 15 he acted on the picket line at the company's plant and was paid \$15 remuneration. The insurance officer who handled his claim disqualified him from benefit for these four days on the ground that he was not without employment.

The disqualification was reversed by the court of referees and by the Umpire, the latter being the final authority under the Unemployment Insurance Act.

The issue raised by the insurance officer in this case was solely concerned with the question whether paid picketing was employment. The contention of the unions was that "amounts paid to workers while on strike were purely as benefits and were not remuneration for services rendered", and were paid "whether or not the workers are on picket duty". Also "it was made clear that picket duty was entirely voluntary". These statements were accepted by the court of referees and the Umpire as sufficient to establish the claim that Mr. X was not "employed" when he performed picket duty and drew his \$15.

Persons acquainted with the nature of strike operations may be pardoned for suspecting that there was more connection between Mr. X's picketing services and his receipt of the \$15 than appears on the surface of this account of the transaction, but we are not disposed to lay much stress on that aspect of the case. Even if it were laid down by the authorities that picketing for pay was employment, it would be the easiest thing in the world for any union to arrange its affairs so that no connection could possibly be established between the picketing and the payment. The Umpire has probably saved a lot of unnecessary trouble by deciding that the payment was merely "strike benefit".

Point of Interest

But the point that interests us is that Mr. X was admittedly receiving strike benefit and must therefore presumably have been "on strike". The synopsis of the regulations of the Unemployment Insurance Act which appears in the Canada Year Book states that "Disqualifications for benefit include: loss of work due to a labor dispute in which the contributor is participating or directly interested". Mr. X was clearly not a

member of the union which called the original strike, or he would most obviously have lost his job owing to a labor dispute in which he was very directly interested. He was one of the persons who had no work to do because no work was being done by the members of the striking union. But the strike failed; there was "a general resumption of work" on June 12. (These quotations are all from the account of the proceedings published in the *Labor Gazette* of March 1948, and the account has been published in full in the *Canadian Unionist* with no indication of dissent, so it is presumably accepted by the labor unions.) When Mr. X's union "maintained that the labor dispute had not terminated" it was clearly starting a fresh strike of its own, and it is on account of this strike by his own union that Mr. X was receiving strike benefits from the union.

Extraordinary

It appears extraordinary to us that the officers of the unemployment fund never raised this point as a disqualification. The report merely says that Mr. X "did not return to work". There is not the slightest suggestion that he would not have been welcomed back if he had returned; he just did not return, and he did not return because his union maintained that the labor dispute had not terminated.

Even if it were true that the labor dispute had not terminated, the

fact remains that Mr. X's union was, after June 11, engaging in a sympathetic strike. Its members were not unemployed because their employers had no work for them; they were unemployed because they objected to one of the conditions attached to the work which he offered them, namely that in another department he was employing persons who were not members of a union with which they sympathized. Call it what you like, this was still a strike; it was not inability to obtain employment.

To what extent is the unemployment insurance fund going to be drawn upon to provide support for strikes called in sympathy with other strikes which have already failed? How long is the money of the consumers and taxpayers of Canada to be spent in paying men and women to hold themselves available for picketing a plant which has demonstrated that it can obtain plenty of labor on other terms than those demanded by its original strikers?

What is the value of the provision in the law—on the strength of which many thousands of Canadians must in good faith have supported the unemployment insurance scheme—which says that benefit should not be paid for "loss of work due to a labor dispute in which the contributor is participating"?

When is a labor dispute not a labor dispute, and when are the people who withdraw their labor on account of a labor dispute not "participating" in that dispute?



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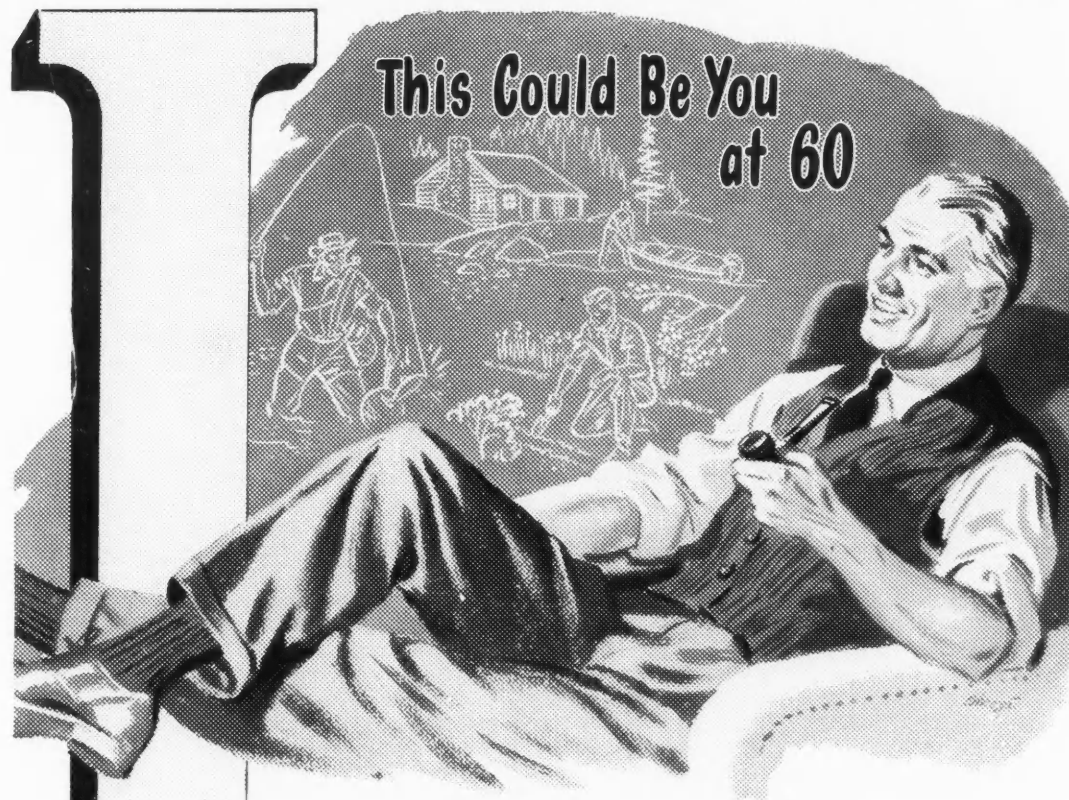
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THE LIGHTER SIDE

"Women in Government"

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

RECENTLY a new organization, "Women in Government" ("In war we work; in peace why shirk?") held its inaugural meeting in Toronto. Its objective: to make women more politically conscious.

The trouble was that all the women present at the opening meeting were, in the special sense the organization had in mind, "in government". That is they were all members of political groups and prepared to the last woman to see that government moved in the right direction. As a result the speakers who urged political consciousness on the audience were in much the position of clergymen who deplore the lack of church attendance before a congregation already as solidly in attendance as they can possibly be.

The real audience of the "Women in Government" group lay outside the banquet-hall and consisted of women who never attend meetings, nor sit on committees nor attempt to relate their own concrete problems to the abstractions of government. They are the group that belongs to no political party, and, worse still, doesn't distinguish among the characteristics of any of the parties.

An acquaintance who was present at the inaugural meeting of "Women in Government" recently presented me with a breakdown of the three major feminine groups—the Progressive Conservative Group, the Liberal, and the C.C.F. The researcher herself is not affiliated with any party, but is a sort of political gypsy who has at one time or another camped out in all of them. Her argument is that the unaffiliated should be accommodated with a composite study of each group so that they will at least recognize where they are likely to fit in. She points out further that since nothing is less typical than a "type" no member of the existing groups need feel either affronted or flattered if she recognizes or fails to recognize her own features in the composite portrait.

THE PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE:

She is in the 40-50 age group. She is the mother of 2.01 children. She is seventy-five per cent Anglican and twenty-five per cent Continuing Presbyterian. She is strongly anti-Liberal, and particularly anti-Mackenzie King, whom she still blames bitterly for not pushing through conscription in World War II. She is in favor of British immigration, British preference, British movies, and all British institutions except British socialism, which she is convinced sound British judgment will eventually reject. She doesn't distinguish between the Labor Progressive Party and the C.C.F., both of which she condemns. She is a con-

scientious supporter of good causes, including the Art Gallery and the Symphony Orchestra (both of which she lists on income statements as "charities"). On her progressive side she is against all forms of racialism and on her conservative side she deplores the fact that the foreign element depreciates property values. She prefers *Punch* to the *New Yorker* and is conservative in taste, inclining to the good black basic dress. She is distressed by the rise in prices and blames them entirely on the Liberal Party and Mackenzie King. She is a Conservative because her family has always been conservative.

THE LIBERAL:

It has been pointed out that with the Liberal Party becoming more and more conservative and the Conservative Party becoming more and more progressive, there is little now to distinguish between the two groups. Our researcher, however, has been able to discover certain points of variance. The Liberal woman for instance is a Liberal because her husband is a Liberal. She too is concerned by the price-rise but feels that without the Liberal government and Mackenzie King things would be a great deal worse. She is the mother of 2.06 children and in religion is fifty per cent Roman Catholic and fifty per cent United Church. She is in favor of British movies, but enjoys Hollywood ones. She is more sympathetic towards the Progressive Conservative Party than to any other group outside her own, and less sympathetic towards the Labor Progressive Party than to the C.C.F. She doesn't like the C.C.F. either.

She is a lively politician and a great admirer of Key Women in the organization, though she deplores their tendency to hang on to office. She would like to be a Key Woman herself but failing that would rather work on a sub-committee than stay



The appointment of Anson C. McKim, O.B.E., as vice-president in charge of traffic, and the expansion of that department, was recently announced by Trans-Canada Air Lines. A graduate of McGill University, Mr. McKim has been Canadian representative on the International Civil Aviation Organization Council since 1946.

home and miss all the fun. She is a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Although she is in favor of banning comics, she frequently reads the comics in the daily paper. She doesn't work outside the home, but she does most of her own work inside it. She is more interested in club politics than in provincial politics, and less interested in provincial politicians than in Mr. Mackenzie King.

THE C.C.F. MEMBER:

She is a member of the C.C.F. by conviction, and her husband is a member because she is. She does her own housework and her work outside the home consists in promoting the C.C.F. party. She is a dependable telephone canvasser. She disapproves of the New Look, but on economic rather than on aesthetic grounds. She

is an economic salvationist, believing that every human problem can be solved by planned economic control. She attends the movies, but believes that all recreation should be on a community basis, with plenty of audience participation (e.g., open meetings, followed by square dancing). She is in favor of credit unions, cooperatives, and the United Nations. She is the mother of 2.09 children. She keeps a dog or cat, not because she is specially attached to them but because she feels that the responsibility for a pet will be good for the children. She rarely does anything without a constructive motive. As far as possible she tells the children the truth about

sex, God, the profit system, and Santa Claus. She is a member of the Home and School Club and tends to promote the cause of education in C.C.F. groups and of the C.C.F. cause in educational groups. She is a great reader of pamphlets. She distrusts all other political parties but feels that the Labor Progressive Party is the natural enemy of the C.C.F.

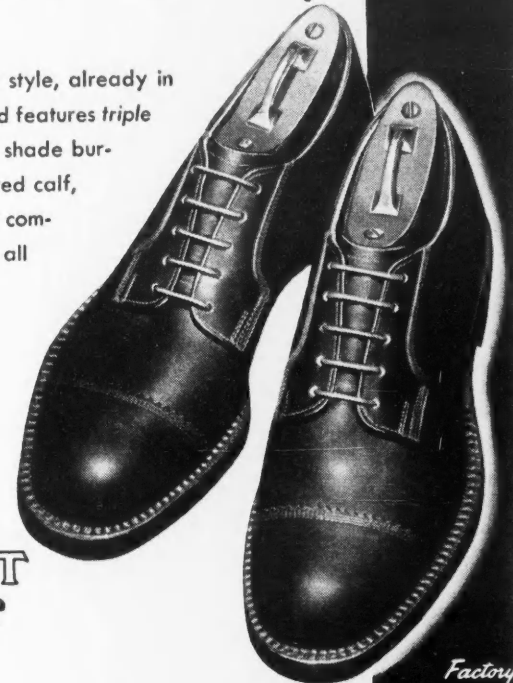
My researcher didn't do a breakdown on the Labor Progressive Party. It wasn't worth while, she pointed out, since if a woman distrusts the L.P.P. nothing can persuade her to join it, and if she admires it, nothing will deter her.

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Mr. John R. Read, President of the Canadian Westinghouse Company, Limited, announces the recent appointment of Mr. W. A. Campbell as Director of Employee Relations.

Mr. Campbell, at the age of 34, is also Secretary of the Company and General Counsel in charge of the Law Department, and is a specialist in corporation and labour law.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Inflation Menace Linked With E.R.P.
Is Problem for Administration

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

THE Marshall Plan and defence spending will doubtless bring on a vigorous "who struck John" debate as to who is to blame for continued inflationary trends. President Truman's Council of Economic Advisers in its latest report declared that "imprudent" reductions of taxes—they were Republican tax cuts—would almost certainly necessitate new taxes to meet higher defense and foreign aid expenditures.



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steadying effect on the American economy. Housewives saw butter prices drop from \$1 to around 65 cents a pound. However, other domestic factors are offsetting those gains.

The Federal Reserve Board warned that government's finances are headed into the red and predicted that "the prospect for inflation is even greater now than it was last November."

Board Chairman Marriner S. Eccles wrote Senator Tobey of the Senate Banking Committee that the government must "anticipate a deficit rather than a surplus, presumably in the fiscal year starting July 1."

Directly blamed were the \$4,800,000,000 income tax cut on top of the \$5,300,000,000 foreign aid program, and more than \$3,000,000,000 for military preparedness.

The President's Economic Council has recommended the following steps to alleviate the danger of inflation: 1. Impose new taxes to offset increased defence expenditures. 2. Apply credit controls, both at the consumer level and to restrain the making of new bank credit. 3. Push the savings bond campaign with renewed vigor. 4. Apply allocation and priority controls, doubly necessary with the defense program coming with E.R.P. 5. Grant price control and rationing authority and prepare a system to put them into effect when needed. It is claimed the meat supply and general food situation is so uncertain as to necessitate these standby powers. 6. With the labor situation reported tight, it is proposed that the national office of the U.S. Employment Service should be strengthened, providing manpower control but of an indirect rather than a direct type.

Whatever its effect on the home front economy, the European Recovery Program is certain to be given a fair try-out by its administrator, Paul G. Hoffman, president of the Studebaker Corporation, and chairman of the Committee for Economic Development.

"A Fight for Peace"

He told interviewers at his first press conference that he took the job "because it's a chance to put up a fight for peace." He is well acquainted with his new job. He served as a member of the President's Committee on Foreign Aid, the committee of 19 citizens headed by Secretary of Commerce Hariman, which drafted the highly praised report which was largely incorporated into the E.R.P. bill. The basic principle of the legislation is that European recovery must be based on self-help and mutual help of the European nations, with the United States lending the necessary money.

Only nine hours after he was sworn in as Economic Cooperation Administrator in President Truman's office, Mr. Hoffman announced that the first \$21 million installment had been authorized for immediate purchases of relief supplies for Italy, France, Greece, Austria and the Netherlands. Italy was included because of the Administration's efforts to speed up action on the aid plan so that its effects could be felt before the critical April 18 Italian elections. The total of \$5,300,000,000 was authorized to strengthen the economies of 16 European nations, Western Germany and China.

The automotive executive had wide latitude in building up a staff. Some 7,000 people had already applied for Marshall Plan jobs through the State Department, before the Economic Cooperation Administration came into existence. He was given the names of 250 topflight men who might be drafted from private industry. In addition, civil service hiring regulations were modified to eliminate red tape.

He was able to obtain the services of an extremely capable "career" man, Wayne Chatfield Taylor, former Undersecretary of Commerce and former president of the Export-Import Bank to serve as Director of Operations of E.C.A.

The whole world will have eyes on his operation from now on. He hasn't indicated whether he plans to stay for all or part of the 4½ year duration of the program. Stalin is

doubtless very much interested in how he goes about making a success of the Marshall Plan. It will be an interesting battle between Communist strategists and a successful American businessman.

Watching from the sidelines, with an eye on the inflation indicator, will be plain Mr. American citizen, wondering about the outcome, and the effect on his own home and hearth.

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New Day on James Bay Dawning for Indians

By S. H. HOWARD

Pending the new legislation which will probably follow the report of the committee investigating conditions of the Indians of Canada, much is already being done. A recently built community centre has brought a new social life to Moosonee's inhabitants. Indians will gain further security when Moose Factory Island becomes an Indian reserve. A modern, well-equipped, 135-bed hospital, costing \$1 million, will be built, and improved nutritional guidance for the Indians is being instituted. More scientific control of beaver reservations has been started.



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IT WILL be news to most people and welcome news to many that, after nearly three centuries of contact with the White Man during which they have become steadily poorer, both in physique and morale, and less resistant to disease, particularly tuberculosis, the Indians of James Bay may now look with some confidence for appreciable atonement for past inadequacy and positive neglect.

It is, of course, well known that a joint Committee of the Dominion Senate and the House of Commons has for the past two summers been conducting meetings to hear witnesses familiar with conditions in the north country and the situation of our native aboriginal population, with a view to a thorough-going revision of the Indian Act. The ridiculous sum of \$4 per head per annum for which the Indians were obliged to surrender title to their native homeland, including timber, pulpwood, minerals, water powers, fish, game, fur and agricultural soil—if and where any—certainly calls for revision as soon as our legislators can get around to it. The Joint Committee will continue hearings of witnesses this summer and submit its report as to conditions with its recommendations in time for legislation during the parliamentary session of 1949.

In the meantime, pending new legislation, several important developments at James Bay, particularly at Moosonee and Moose Factory, are already taking place.

At Moosonee I saw them digging a trench with a tractor-mounted gasoline claw shovel and a bull dozer, for the water main to serve the new community hall and two public schools, one for boys and one for girls. This enterprise of the Ontario Department of Education, working through the Ontario Northland Railway and its regular contractors, is the footmark of the most progressive step towards modernity taken on at James Bay since the arrival of the Railway in 1931. To date there has been no social centre at Moosonee except the Hudson's Bay store, which closes at six o'clock. The entire population, practically, walks a mile up the sidewalk to the station twice a week to see the train come in. There is a bright spot on the four-foot sidewalk outside the combined ice-cream counter, candy store, tobacco shop, pool room, bowling alley and barber's emporium, and those boys and girls lacking the price for any of the dissipations inside, loiter in the path of traffic in and on the edge of this bright spot. This has been the extent of the night life of Moosonee.

Quonset Recreation

But the new Community Hall will change all that. Looking like a curling rink with windows all down each side, it is called a Quonset, steel-arch building. The floor measures 60 feet by 40 feet. It is to be well insulated and steam-heated. Here concerts, dances, movies, lectures, and political meetings will be conducted and radio broadcasts from all the world received.

The boys' school adjoining will be a regular public school supervised by the Ontario Department of Education, and financed largely by the government. (There is a local school board, but the assessment of Moosonee, with a population of about 500 of whom 450 are Indians, is low.) The boys—white and red—will receive manual training as well as instruction on subjects of study on the regular Public School curriculum. The girls will, in addition to regular academic subjects, learn cooking and housekeeping, with a fully equipped modern kitchen as part of the facilities of instruction. The surrounding grounds, lately willow slash and muskeg, have been cleared, and drained. This summer they will be landscaped, with lawns, shrubs and young trees. The situation commands a view of the broad Moose River and its islands down to a glimpse of the clear horizon of James Bay. As Minister of Education, Premier Drew has taken personal interest in this project at Moosonee.

A large church is also being erected at Moosonee by the Oblate Society's own workmen, supervised by Father Jean Marc Houle, O.M.I. This large edifice will constitute the cathedral for His Excellency, Bishop Henri Belleau, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of James Bay. Most of His Excellency's parishioners are Indians.

Moose Island

Over at Moose Factory still greater plans have been made for Moose Island. The Dominion government is negotiating with the Hudson's Bay Company, who moved to this site from neighboring Hayes Island back in 1807, the original fort having been first established in 1671. It is now planned that the Dominion government expropriate the whole of Moose Island as an Indian reserve, except the Company's present buildings and the land necessary to their approaches. Similarly, the two missions, Anglican and Roman, will retain sufficient land for their respective churches, schools, hospitals and staff residences.

A model village for the Indians of the Moose Factory band will be created. The Indian Affairs Branch and the Department of National Health and Welfare are working in close cooperation in this development. Mr.

Joseph S. Allan, newly appointed Indian Agent for James Bay, took me over the ground surveyed for the proposed street. Sixty or seventy houses will be constructed. The Department is installing a complete saw mill to be used by the Indians. Logs are being cut by a gang of twenty men at the other reserve further up the river, where there are larger trees to make logs. Approximately 4,000,000 feet of lumber will be required. The village will have a water supply, sewage disposal, and organized garbage collection service. There will be a community vegetable garden cultivated by the Indians under competent supervision. The soil of the island is alluvial and fertile. Unlike the main land it shows entire absence of muskeg, being naturally well drained.

Facilities for Adaptation

The plan has been developed to improve the Indian standard of living and to provide facilities for them to adapt themselves to changing conditions brought about by the approach of the railway to their region, by changing methods of hunting and trading furs, and by newer knowledge of nutrition and sanitation. The only persons eligible to live in this proposed village will be members of the band centered at Moose Factory or people of "Indian

status." There will be accommodation for 500 people.

The Dominion Department of National Health and Welfare will build an up-to-date hospital of 135 beds on the south end of Moose Island at an estimated cost of \$1 million. Every effort is being made to have it ready to receive patients in 1949. A fire-resistant type of building will be constructed of concrete slabs, asbestos.



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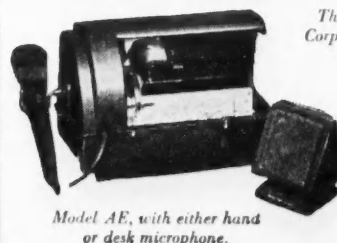


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tos shingles and wood siding, with rock wool insulation. This hospital is to serve the whole James Bay area. A system of nursing stations such as the one recently constructed at Fort George some 500 miles down the coast where two nurses are established, will be extended to the larger Indian centres. In these outposts a certain number of beds will be available for emergency cases. The present church mission hospitals will be retained to the extent of their capacity.

Hospital Staff

It is expected that Dr. H. B. Harper, who is now Medical Superintendent of James Bay in succession to Dr. Orford, will be in charge of the new hospital at Moose Island. He formerly practised in South Porcupine. The staff will number about 65, including a complete group of medical officers, graduate nurses, laboratory technicians, X-ray experts, dietitians, ward aides, maids and orderlies. A chest specialist will have charge of tuberculosis control for the region.

The Hudson's Bay Company at Moose Factory and elsewhere started to supply Vitamin B flour to the Indians in trade about 1943. This was done on the advice of their dietary consultant, Dr. F. F. Tisdall, Professor of Paediatrics in the University of Toronto, and a member of

the medical staff of the Hospital for Sick Children. Dr. Tisdall has specialized on vitamins and nutritive minerals and the diseases of malnutrition. He cooperated also with the officials of the Indian Health Service and the Canadian Life Insurance Association, who contributed towards financing investigations of conditions of health among the Indians. Anthropologists have been appointed to live at points on James Bay and make systematic studies for a period of one year. Attawapiskat and Rupert's house were the two points selected.

Educational campaigns, largely resulting from investigations conducted by the Indian Health Service assisted by Dr. Tisdall have been responsible for a very marked increase in the amount of canned vegetables, canned fruit, fresh oranges, and milk powder purchased by the Indians. The fact that these and other "protective foods" are practically mandatory in lieu of cash as Family Allowances supplied through the agency of the Hudson's Bay Company, has so changed the Indians' dietary habits—at least during the summer weeks when they are camped near the trading posts—that they are now purchasing these approved protective foods of their own free will. Family Allowances, of course, did not begin until 1945.

Beaver Plans

New hope for fur trade and the natives of James Bay lies in the recently adopted plans to rehabilitate the beaver population of the James Bay region. Some eleven areas have been closed, aggregating more than fifty thousand square miles. For ten years no trapping of beaver in these reservations will be permitted. The Dominion government will recompense the trappers for not taking beaver in the meantime. Five of these areas are in the province of Quebec, six in Ontario. They extend all around James Bay in a belt reaching inland for a hundred or more miles until meeting the survey lines of the unorganized frontier townships. No white trappers will be allowed in these beaver areas even when the ten-year period has expired. They will be maintained for Indian trappers exclusively. A yearly census of inhabited beaver houses will be taken by the Indians on their indi-

vidual trapping grounds, and reported to the provincial game wardens in charge. At the end of the 10-year period, if the beaver have multiplied, a certain number will be allotted to each family of Indian trappers, or, in case of unmarried men, a lesser number in proportion. Where some trappers report more beaver on their grounds than others, a system of equalization will be worked out.

This beaver plan originated over ten years ago with the late James Watt, H.B.C. factor at Rupert's House. He "sold" the idea to the Indians of his band, and Mrs. Watt journeyed to Quebec City and secured the sponsorship of the Quebec provincial government. The beaver population in this original 7000 square mile area in Rupert House district increased in ten years beyond all expectation. Trapping was resumed last year, each trapper taking a limited number according to plan, and leaving sufficient breeding stock. As a result the Rupert's House band is now the most prosperous on James Bay.

In closing, we must note one of the most satisfactory factors of the situation on James Bay today, that is, the large measure of cooperation that has evolved among the different parties concerned—the Dominion of Canada, whose wards these Indi-

ans are; the Province of Quebec and the Province of Ontario, who have jurisdiction over fish, fur and game; the Hudson's Bay Company, established on James Bay since 1670; and the Indians themselves. The plan of allotting certain areas naturally bounded by creeks and rivers to each Indian family, was their own system before the white trappers and free traders ran the trapping grounds and began the mischief of competitive extermination of wild life.

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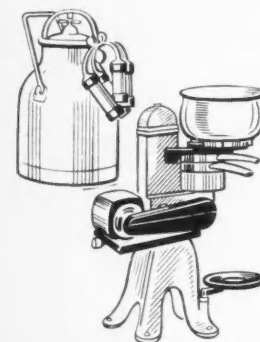
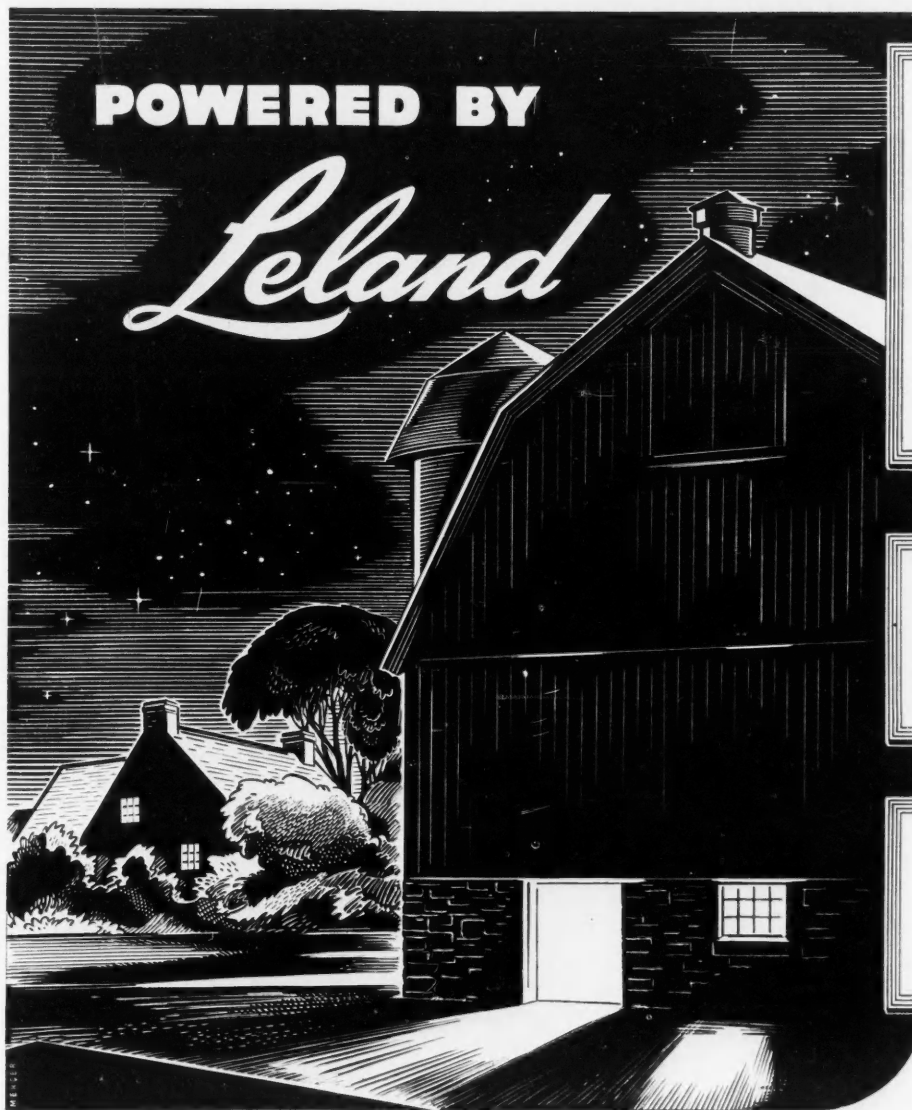
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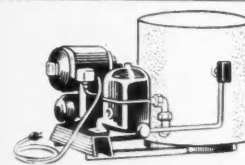
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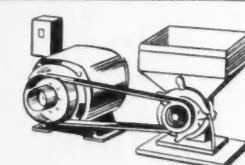
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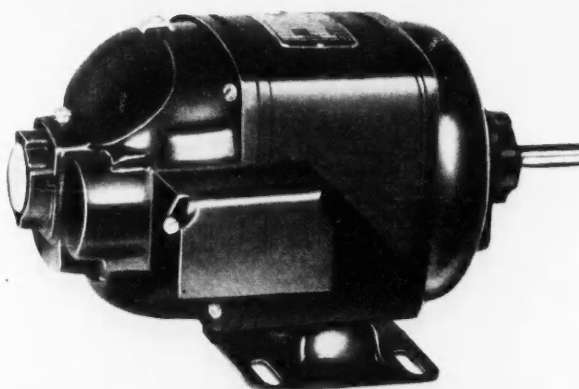
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Plain British Talk for Germans

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE Italian election is, of course, the most immediately important event in the international sphere, an event which will have tremendous repercussions throughout the world. But first—as they say on the radio—a word about Berlin.

It is simply this: If the Soviets were thinking of war, and had purposely provoked the crash of the British transport plane over Berlin, the man who would be in immediate charge of the preparations of the Red Army to roll over Western Europe would be Marshal Sokolovsky. Yet his instant reaction to the plane incident was to accede to the demand of General Robertson that he condemn the handling of the Russian fighter plane and give "positive assurance" that British aircraft would be "immune from molestation", under threat of the use of British fighter convoys.

As things developed, neither the British nor the Soviet Government backed up the action of its military representatives on the spot. Bevin made a mild and conciliatory speech in the Commons the next day, whereupon the Kremlin ordered Sokolovsky to reverse his stand, lay the blame on the British plane, and in effect retract his apology and his assurances.

Perhaps the conference for which he has been recalled to Moscow may bring him rebuke or even demotion. But it is likely to include a further serious discussion of just how firmly he judges that the Western Allies will resist their expulsion from Berlin.

Meanwhile the Soviet squeeze goes on, with short-of-war steps. Mail from Berlin to the Western Zones is impounded—57 carloads of it. The maintenance crews which have been keeping up Allied telegraph lines through the Soviet Zone to the West are to be evicted. Air traffic into Berlin is to be policed more closely.

How long we can remain in Berlin under ever more hampering restric-

tions remains to be seen. General Clay, strongly backed by Washington, is absolutely firm in all his declarations on this subject. And he showed last week what American air transport can do in supplying his garrison and staff. Their water and electric power supply, however, are controlled from the Soviet sector of Berlin.

With the Allied Control Council virtually closed down and hence joint four-power rule of Germany, or even its pretense, ended, the broader political struggle for Germany is attracting more attention from the "fight for face" in Berlin. The Allies believe that the recent convocation of a "People's Congress" in Berlin and the call for a plebiscite in the Soviet Zone on "German Unity" (a fairly safe voting proposition) betokened the early setting-up of a Communist-controlled government there, claiming jurisdiction over the whole of Germany.

Split Shaping Rapidly

The Americans and the British have been taking steps towards the formation of a Western German Government ever since the collapse of the efforts of the Foreign Ministers' Conference to write a peace treaty for the whole country. A Bizonal "Economic Council", which could be converted readily into a political body, has been sitting in Frankfurt since the beginning of March. In the same month a very successful discussion was held with France and the Benelux countries in London. This will be resumed shortly and aims at an agreed policy which will reassure these former German victims of the broad aims being pursued in the reconstruction of Germany.

To satisfy the French, a tentative agreement has been made to establish international control over the Ruhr arms forge. And Western Germany has been included in the Marshall Plan. But the Western Allies have been reluctant to hand the Soviets

and the German Communists the potentially powerful propaganda line that we led in the partition of Germany. (Though the Soviet press in Eastern Germany has hammered away all winter at this line without waiting for the justification).

Up to the past week every German politician, in either Eastern or Western Germany, felt compelled to call for the unity of Germany. Now there has been a break in this front, which creates the opportunity for us to go forward with the West German regime; and reluctance to move ahead of the Soviets is giving way to reluctance to losing the initiative to them.

This change in West German sentiment was signalled in the extremely favorable response to the speech of General Robertson before the North Rhine-Westphalian parliament in Dusseldorf last Wednesday, and the subsequent statement by the Minister-President of Bavaria that insistence on complete German unity now could only mean unity under Soviet domination.

Sir Brian Robertson's speech is the most important statement of Allied policy towards Germany since Byrnes' speech in Stuttgart in September 1946 and is much more definite. It can be assumed that such an important pronouncement had the sanction of the Foreign Office and was made with the knowledge of the State Department. The impact which it has pro-

duced in German political circles and the highly favorable public reaction make it doubly important.

After speaking of a better food situation than at any time since the occupation, a marked improvement in basic industries, an encouraging increase in coal production, and plans for currency reform, the British Military Governor declared that conditions necessary for a real improvement in the West German economy were now present. Another great new factor, the Marshall Plan, offering German industry increased supplies of raw materials and bringing her people back into the family of Western European nations, made the realization of their hopes possible.

A Remarkable Statement

He was not ready, he said, to give a forecast today of Allied intentions for the progressive development of German political organizations. But he declared that "we laid the foundation at Frankfurt (in the Bizonal Economic Council). Upon that we can build, and build quickly." Coming to the vital question of unity, he said that the ultimate object of Allied policy is to lay a foundation on which German unity can be restored.

"By unity, I mean real unity, with an independent, freely-elected representative government . . . a unity which will ensure the German people and their children those elementary

freedoms which President Roosevelt so well described as freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want and freedom from fear. . . That must be the goal for the future, but for the time being we must accept the fact that the iron curtain splits Germany. For the time being we must be content with unity as far as it can be achieved and not forget that this means the unity of two-thirds of Germany."

General Robertson then put in a few forceful words what he called the primary objective of British policy: "peace and prosperity in a United Europe." In a United Europe a new Germany would come to play its full part. At the moment the policy could only be pursued in Western Europe, on a two-fold basis: the European Recovery Program and

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"Perfect driver still to be found" says Safety Authority

"Traffic safety in the long run is a matter of education" says one of Canada's best known safety experts.

"An important start in this direction was made last fall when—with the assistance of John Labatt Limited—we were able to test nearly 12,000 people at various Fall Fairs all over Ontario."

The mobile unit which contains 9 testing stations visited 10 fairs in Ontario last fall, without finding a single perfect driver.

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DON'T LOOK NOW but if you can see out of the corner of your eyes, you are a safer driver. This field of vision test measures ability to see objects approaching from the sides or from intersections while the driver is looking straight ahead.

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Western Union, the latter being the foundation of security.

Continuing on the United Europe theme, the British spokesman fitted Allied policy on the Ruhr into it. This was a constructive and not a punitive policy. Events were moving in the general direction of integration of industry throughout Western Europe. The proposed control of the Ruhr was part of this great design, and consonant with German dignity. As for the question of ownership of the Ruhr industry, British policy held that it was for the Germans to decide (whether or not they are to be socialized).

Strange Talk for Strange Times

He went on to assure his German audience that in his opinion there would not be an early shooting war in Europe, and to exhort them to stand up to the war of nerves, for the sake of their freedom and their future. "Germany's salvation is in your hands to win or cast away. Only have the courage and you will win it. We offer you our goodwill and our cooperation. Do not be frightened by the mischief-makers who scream 'collaborators.' The time has come to realize that the interests of all Europeans are converging. Our needs and your needs cannot be dealt with separately, for we all form a part of Europe."

Finally, General Robertson warned them that they could not afford to squabble among themselves, for division was weakness. Nor could they be better party men than they were Germans. "Make up your minds and stand together against these gentlemen who, with democracy on their lips and truncheons behind their backs, would filch your German freedom from you. Then you need have no fear. The prospects are good. Go forward and seize them. Is it strange that I should talk to you like this? Yes, it is strange. But these are strange times. They have no parallel in history."

That is the straightest talk we have given the German people in these three years of occupation. Viewed cynically, it is at least brilliant political warfare. But it appears like anything but cynicism; on the contrary I would say that here was a sincere, straightforward expression of the best ideals and aims of the Western democracies, the sort of approach which holds out a hope of establishing peace.

The best thing about it is the United Europe theme. Only through a United Europe can the power of Germany be safely controlled; and only the idea of a United Europe can assure in Germans and all other Europeans, on both sides of the iron curtain, the hope and effort to build anew. I have long considered that the greatest mistake in Roosevelt's wartime policy was his failure to nail "a free, united Europe" to the masthead of our peace aims. I hope that a President Vandenberg or Stassen will yet affirm this aim as clearly as has General Robertson.

Two in One in Italy

Now in Italy. The reader will probably have heard about everything there is to hear about the Italian election by next Sunday, so I will mention only a few points. I am going on a limb and predict that the vote will be nearly two to one against the Communist-dominated Popular front. It seems to me that a real soundswell has been rising against the Communists, and in favor of the Western-aligned parties.

Among the reasons for this are the obvious lesson of Czechoslovakia; the firm measures of Interior Minister Scelba in tightening up the police, countering Communist intimidation by seizing hidden arms and displaying the might of the state, and generally reassuring people that they will be safe to vote against the Communists; the efforts of Catholic Action to stir up the inactive voters; the offer of the Western powers to return Trieste and give Italy a share in the development of Africa; and the realization, helped by the arrival of scores of American food ships, the passage of the Marshall Plan and the flood of

letters from Italian-Americans, that the country would suffer most severely if it broke its connection with the West.

Of all these measures I would say that the action of the government in restoring public security and confidence had been the most important. Intimidation is one of the most powerful weapons of the Communists, as it was of the Nazis; I suppose one has to have been on the spot and felt it to appreciate this properly. Two months ago the Communists held a club over the workers in the factories, their families and their jobs, and over the little people in countless cities, towns and villages ruled by Communist-dominated councils.

This spell has been broken by the unflinching firmness of a half-dozen

very able leaders in the government, Premier de Gasperi, Vice-premier Pacciardi, Foreign Minister Sforza, Finance Minister Einaudi, and above all, Minister of the Interior Scelba. They have shown that they, who would be first to be liquidated in a Communist victory, were not intimidated.

Equal credit must be given to the free socialist leaders Saragat and Lombardo, and their followers, who have worked right in among the workers, in constant physical danger, to win the Socialists away from the blind alliance with the Communists into which Nenni had carried them. The example of these brave men, ready to risk their lives for freedom, has I believe, prepared a wide split in the socialist ranks which will show in the election re-

turns, and after.

Then the Western powers have, for once, played their cards about as well as they could. They have stood behind the government's effort to provide security. They have given the self-esteem of a defeated nation a lift in the offer of Trieste and a share in Africa. They have held out hope for a better future in a United Europe aided by the Marshall Plan. They have recognized the free socialists of Saragat and

Lombardo as the official socialist part of Italy. In the international field they have stood up against the intimidating power of Soviet Russia, notably in the American mobilization plan.

Strange that only three years after a war to defeat Italy and Germany one should be so much concerned with saving these people? Yes, it is strange. "But these are strange times. They have no parallel in history."

A Reminder from

220 Queen St. W. Toronto

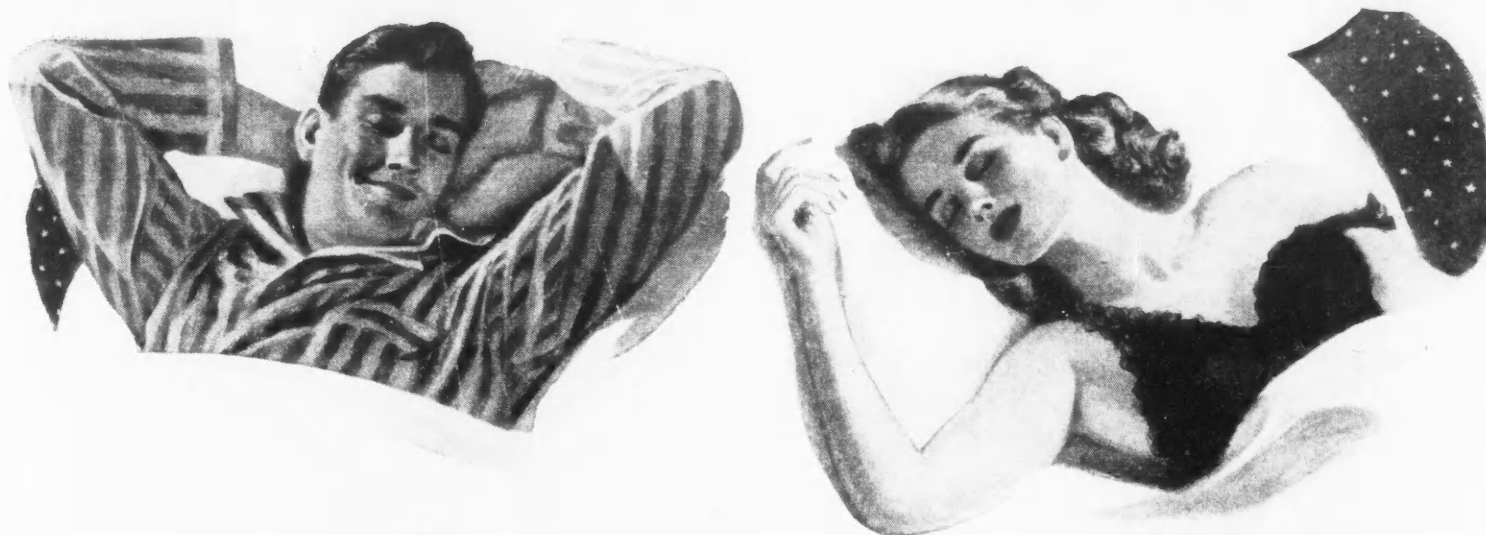
THE HANSARD SOCIETY

(See article and editorial in Saturday Night, April 3.)

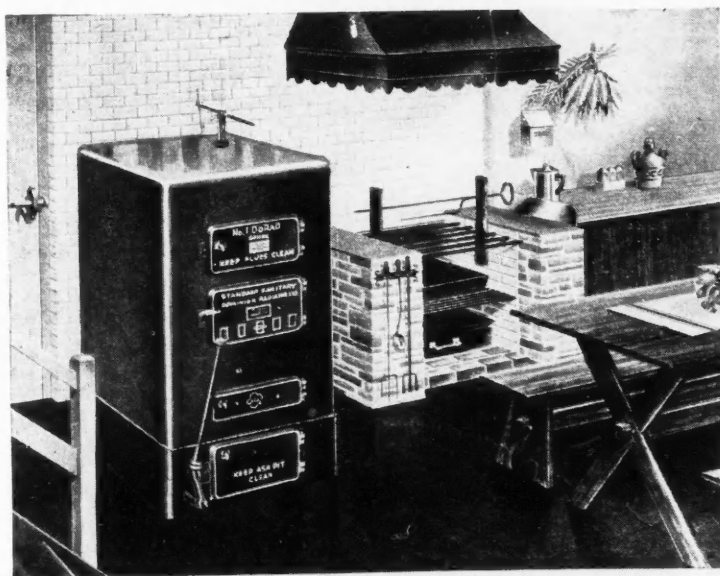
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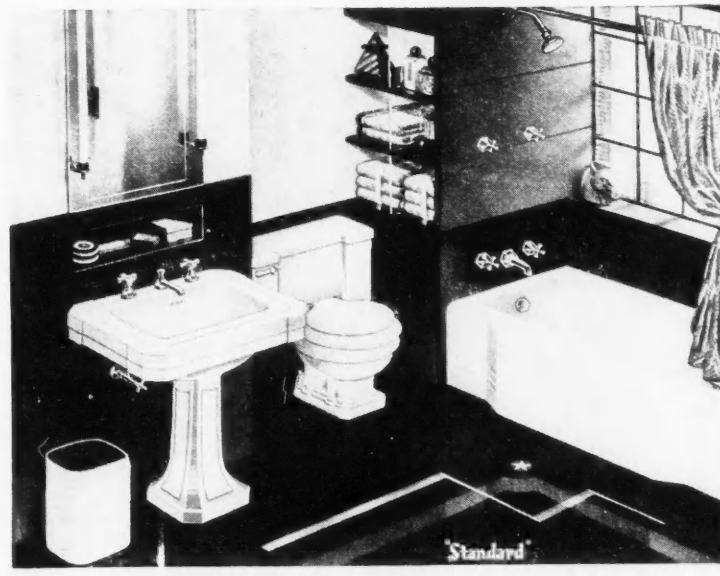


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THE MELTING POT

The Open Road—Keep Left

By J. N. HARRIS

Montreal.

IF YOU are earnest enough, you may find yourself in madcap escapades just as *outré* as anything that a wild, reckless fellow might get into. In fact, when fools rush in where angels are pondering the advisability, they probably find the room full of earnest people who beat them to it.

This weighty and arbitrary conclusion, which comes to you at no extra cost with this week's edition, is inspired by the decision of the Socialist government in Great Britain to start

an experimental camp for gypsies in the New Forest.

This decision was taken after a survey of the New Forest gypsies had revealed "appalling" and "shocking" conditions. Of gypsies interviewed, 43 per cent thought the whole business was a waste of time, 51 per cent were appalled, and 6 per cent had no opinion that could be printed.

Of the other New Forest residents, practically 100 per cent felt that a camp along the lines of Dartmoor or Pentonville would be suitable.

The type of leader to be chosen for an experimental camp for gypsies must be a real spot of migraine for the government department responsible. They might take a military man and make him camp commandant—some colonel with experience at Aldershot Detention Barracks, say. Compulsory haircuts, P. T., and a spot of pack-drill would then have their innings.

On the other hand, a good Y.M.C.A. camp leader could institute camp fires and sing-songs where wild, roving gypsy songs of Romy and the Open Road could be chanted in four part harmony, interspersed with inspirational talks.

More in keeping with the spirit of modern England would be a leader trained in Mr. Butlin's Holiday Camps. He, of course, would divide the camp into two sections, and foster keen competition between them in fortune-telling contests, caravan races, and pea-and-shell games.

Whichever one wins will need a thick skin and an unbreakable heart. He will be up against the greatest possible passive resistance to regimentation. Whether it is haircuts or washing or any other civilized practice he is trying to promote, he will be faced by a total lack of interest among his subjects. The abandonment of larceny may be another difficult idea to sell to the raggle-taggle-gypsies, ho! and the camp commandant will do well not to leave his watch lying about.

When Derby time comes along, the experimental campers will certainly disappear, to show up at Epsom and tell fortunes, sell sure things, and possibly clean out any coins that the bookmakers have left in people's pockets.

It is a noble experiment, anyhow, and if it succeeds, we may well see the works of Sidney Webb (English Poor-Law Policy, *et al.*) and Harold Laski set to gay, mad gypsy tunes; we may come to experience wild, passionate gypsy folk dancing, by numbers, accompanied by *Zigeuner* music piped in from the Ministry of Culture.

All the same, it might be easier to persuade Lord Beaverbrook to join the Co-op, or talk Mr. Churchill into becoming president of the Anti-Nicotine League.

WHEN Jasper Smedlock left Mumbleton with the town's entire liquid assets, working capital, depreciation reserve and good-will, many of the residents were incensed.

"We've been done, somehow," they said.

The ones that hadn't lost their shirts in poker games with Jasper, or bought shares in his Peruvian Chinchilla farm, had either sunk their savings in his scheme for building a Mumbleton Square Gardens and Roller Skating Rink, or had made down payments on his Atomic-Powered Lawn Roller.

Besides, he left without paying his hotel bill.

"The man is a crook," the chief of police said with finality. None denied it.

A circular, describing him in the minutest detail, was sent out to all parts of the country. Unfortunately, however, nobody could produce a photograph of the dastard. Without a photograph, there was little chance of his being recognized and being picked up.

It was at this stage that Elmer Hencoop, a uniformed constable, had his great inspiration.

"There's a guy, a artist, down by the lake. Smedlock done him, too. Maybe this artist guy could sort of drow a picture of Smedlock for to send out with the circular."

Hencoop looked down, abashed at his boldness, and thought bitterly of his badge, his handcuffs and his truncheon, which Smedlock had borrowed.

"Capital," cried the chief of police, and proceeded forthwith to the lake-shore, on foot, as the Black Maria had disappeared a few days before.

"Of course I can paint you a picture of Smedlock," Raymond Montage assured the policemen. "I'll bring it in the morning."

With half-closed eyes he stared at

his easel, and taking a pull at his absinthe, set to work.

The finished portrait consisted of a huge, bloodshot eye, staring from a molten bread truck. Two decaying lampreys in one corner were joined to the skull of a wombat. From the swollen belly of a dead mule, top centre, a vine cascaded to the right-hand corner, and on it grew human fingers and pale mauve turtles.

"We're sunk," the chief announced. "It don't look like Smedlock at all."

Nevertheless, the portrait was circulated to all post offices and police stations, as it was the only available picture of the wanted man.

Four days later, Smedlock was arrested trying to enter Ingersoll, Ontario.

"I recognized him at once from his picture," the constable explained when he brought him in. "Such character delineation! Such a likeness—missing no single nuance of light and shade!"

By a happy coincidence, the constable was secretary-treasurer of the Ingersoll Neo-Pre-Surrealist Society!

He divided the reward with Raymond Montage, who said, "Enough of this damned photography! I must get back to my art."

FORMER NATIVE IS HONORED

—headline in Ontario newspaper. Hold that birthplace!

Fire Chief Rescues Eleven Month old Baby WINS DOW AWARD



ROBERT DEY OF PEMBROKE, ONT.,
performs gallant deed although wrists slashed by broken window

It wasn't the sight of angry flames enveloping her two-storey home that filled Mrs. Anderson's heart with terror. It was the thought of her 11-month-old baby boy — trapped alone in that blazing inferno! For a second or two she stood rooted to the ground . . . and then a scream from inside the house brought her back to reality. Three times, in spite of neighbours' protests, she tried to reach her baby. But she had to give up . . . her face and hair singed by the flames.

DEY ENTERS THROUGH WINDOW

By this time firemen were battling the blaze and Chief Robert Dey was attempting to force his way into the house. Finally he smashed a window and crawled through. Although both his wrists had been cut by the broken glass he fought his way into the blazing living room and managed to find the little boy. Then, choking from the dense smoke and terrific heat, he made his way back to the window and soon had the youngster safe in his mother's arms.

We are proud to recognize publicly the gallantry and outstanding bravery of Fire Chief Robert Dey of Pembroke, Ontario, through the presentation of The Dow Award.

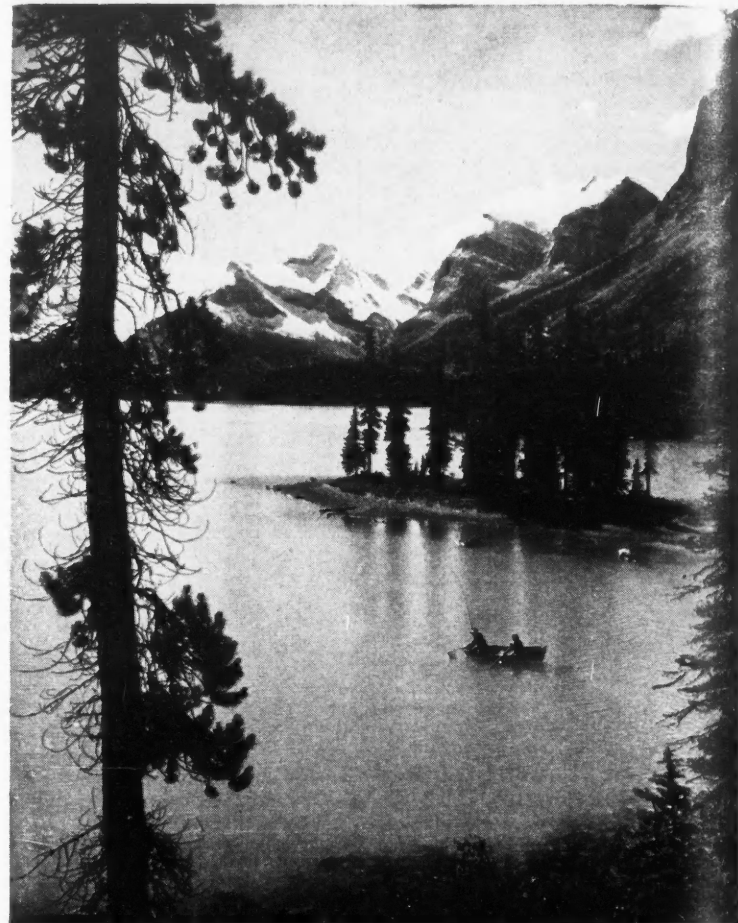
THE DOW AWARD is a citation for outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a \$100 Canada Savings Bond. Winners are selected by the Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers.



Desperately, Mrs. Anderson tried to enter the burning house. After three attempts, her hair and face singed, she realized that she must give up.



Stumbling through the dense smoke from room to room, Chief Dey finally found the child. Then, with the terrified boy in his arms, he fought his way back to the window.



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Proper Rentals to Ease Housing Predicament

By JOHN B. LAIDLAW

Commenting on recent articles on housing in *Saturday Night*, this writer says that a major bottleneck in the present crisis is rent control. Because of it landlords shy away from constructing buildings for rental. Mr. Laidlaw differs with the previous writer, Professor Benjamin Higgins, who recommended government-subsidized housing.

Mr. Laidlaw is a former manager for Canada of the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society and Chief Agent in Canada of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society, and as such loaned several million dollars on improved city properties in Canada. He was a member of Toronto City Council for three years and was Executive Secretary of the Toronto Real Estate Board and of the Ontario Association of Real Estate Boards.

PROFESSOR Benjamin Higgins asked the question: "What does the future hold for housing?" in the second of his two articles (S.N., Feb. 14 and 28). This was his answer: "So far as one can judge, the housing situation will get worse before it gets better." With that statement I agree. It cannot get better until there is a fundamental change in the public attitude to the problem.

Let us re-examine some of the components of the housing problem. Professor Higgins referred to the decrease in the number of houses built in recent years. I would further point out that nearly all were built for sale. No private person can afford to build to rent under the present laws of rent control.

Mr. Higgins is under a wrong impression about the matter of civic building by-laws. As the representative of the Toronto Board of Trade, I have for several years been chairman of a committee of architects, engineers and others, which has co-operated with the Building Commissioner of Toronto, in revising the building by-laws of Toronto. The work is now almost completed. Under those revisions and with adequate standards of construction, the costs of steel and reinforced concrete construction have been reduced about 25 per cent. The cost of a moderate sized dwelling is at least \$1000 less than it would have been under the former by-law.

As an instance of economy the committee arranged for a few standard sizes for concrete blocks instead of a variety of shapes and sizes. This considerably reduced the cost of manufacture and also the costs of the wholesaler, and the reduction went to the builders of houses. Furthermore, there is plenty of free competition among suppliers of building materials of all kinds with. I believe no "hold up" monopoly on any item.

Costs Are Doubled

Notwithstanding, the cost of building in Toronto has about doubled. The chief causes have been increased prices for all materials, due largely to much higher wages. In addition the wages of the workmen actually constructing houses have been about doubled. Then too the difficulty in obtaining materials has caused many delays of work, often for several days or longer until some required article can be obtained. The time for erection of a small house has increased from about three months to six months or longer. If a builder now gets twice his former profit, he is only earning at the same rate per month as formerly.

Part of the present price for a house includes a payment "for possession." For instance, of two similar adjacent houses, one of which is rented and the other available for possession, the rented one may sell

for from \$5000 to \$6000 while the one with "possession" will sell for about \$2500 more. Rent control is very costly to everyone who buys a house for his own occupation. Incidentally, *SATURDAY NIGHT* was right in its splendid article entitled "Rent Control Should Go" (S.N., Feb. 21).

In 1934, when the famous "Bruce Report on Housing" was presented, as an alderman of Toronto I urged that there was a fundamental error

in the approach to the problem of low cost housing. If persisted in, it would prevent any new housing for rent. The event has proven I was right.

That error was in fixing a low rental, much below what was necessary to make the houses self-supporting, so that people whose incomes were insufficient to pay a proper rental, in addition to other expenses of living, could occupy the houses. If a family is put in a house under those conditions, they must get out as soon as their earnings enable them to pay a proper rent, and then another family needing assistance will be placed in it.

A first requirement of any housing scheme to which the city or government contributes should be that

the houses or apartments be rented at an economic rental. This means enough to pay taxes, maintenance, interest on the cost and also for amortization and depreciation. If tenants are taken who cannot pay the proper rental, or can pay only a part of it, then the relief department will extend assistance to them for as much and as long as required.

Last year was one of high employment and general prosperity in Toronto. Yet the Relief Department has reported a total outlay for relief in 1947 of \$1,720,014; the government paying \$665,806, the city \$1,054,208. The city also paid all the costs of administration, \$246,189. In December, 993 families were assisted. In March the number was 1,178. Also in December relief was given to 1,708

individuals maintaining their homes.

Each case of relief is considered by itself. In some cases the whole rent is paid; in other cases only a part of the rent. In some cases aid is also given for food and clothing and medical care. The conditions of each case vary, some are because of sickness or death of the bread winner, others because of injury—there are many varieties of misfortune. Those aided are encouraged to become self-supporting as soon as possible, and publicity is avoided, so as to maintain the morale and self respect of those assisted.

Under such a scheme of housing as is generally proposed, to be rented at a very low rental, only those on relief would be allowed to enter

(Continued on Page 32)

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Religious Ballet Vogue Like Miracle Plays

By STEPHANIE JARVIS

In England the old miracle plays of five hundred years ago have described a full circle. The current linking of religion and drama is in the ballet which portrays religious themes. Although the work of the Sadler's Wells' company along this line has met with great success with the public, religious leaders are not so sure that presentations are sufficient religious experience in themselves.

FIVE hundred years or so ago in York and Coventry and other mediaeval towns, the great popular entertainment of the day was the Miracle Play performed by the Trade Guilds. Merchants, and their wives and daughters in flowing

robes and horned head-dresses, apprentices and pot-boys, butchers and bakers, chandlers and ostlers, crowded and jostled each other in brightly colored crowds in the Market Place and at the principal corners, while the gorgeously decorated Pageant Carts, each containing actors and forming the stage for one scene of the play, followed each other along the route, produced their scene at the appointed station and so on till the complete play was enacted. It was a thoroughly popular show, sometimes full of horse-play and coarse wit, local hits and jesting, but it was definitely religious — a pictured form of religious teaching to a people who could neither read nor write.

After the Miracle and Morality Plays and the transitional period of Shakespeare and Marlowe there came the Puritan revolt and the descent of the Theatre into disrepute as the servant of Satan rather than the handmaid of the Church. The Restoration Drama, while certainly bringing the Theatre back into popularity, emphasized its complete divorce from religion and its position as a purely secular entertainment.

To-day, with 90 per cent of the people in this country never setting foot inside a Church, we see the extraordinary spectacle of the Churchless multitude crowding together to find their religion in the theatre!

They Know Nothing

Conventionally "Churchy" people have often violently opposed or disapproved of religious drama. It is the indifferent or even hostile person who has been bowled over. The younger audiences of today are not even hostile to religion. They know absolutely nothing whatever about it and, when they come across it nobly presented in a play or film they are intensely interested. "The Song of Bernadette" and "The Keys of the Kingdom" were outstanding successes among films, and Dorothy Sayers' "The Man Born to be King" topped every other item on the B.B.C. programs in popularity.

But the most surprising—and the latest—field for the invasion of religion is the ballet. Two of the most popular numbers in the repertory of the ballet in London for the last two years have been the "Everyman" of the International Ballet, and the Sadler's Wells' production "Miracle in the Gorbals."

A rigid and conventional dance form, with no words for expressing ideas, would seem an impossible medium for conveying a religious theme; but this lack of an argument is precisely the reason for its success. Appealing, like pictures or music, directly to the emotions rather than through the intellect, the ballet can establish a contact with a generation to whom ordinary religious words and ideas have no meaning.

Nervous Rector

It was this wideness of appeal that led Leslie French to make the daring experiment of transforming "Everyman" into a ballet. For some years in Ben Greet's company at the Old Vic and playing minor roles in the occasional performances of "Everyman," he became so much obsessed by the beauty of the play that he determined some day to produce it himself. His first production was in the tiny village Church of Hedgerley Green near Beaconsfield. So unusual was the idea that — although the Church only held about fifty people and the seats were free — the Rector determined only to have two performances. Leslie French, remarking that he wasn't going to ask a professional company to rehearse for a fortnight for two appearances, insisted on five. In the end, over a thousand people crowded out the Church during the five days and

people from all over the country wrote asking for invitations.

For some years Mr. French toured the country with "Everyman", appearing in Churches, Cathedrals and Village Halls, but the trouble was that most of the people who came to see it were the sort who went to Church or were traditionally interested. Leslie French wanted to reach the general public. Then he thought of the ballet.

At first he was laughed down. Mona Inglesby, the producer of the newly-formed International Ballet, at first refused to touch it.

"A religious Ballet? Impossible!" Leslie French sent her a record of Strauss' "Death and Resurrection" "The perfect music," he wrote "for our ballet."

When, after three months, Miss Inglesby suddenly gave in, the battle had only just begun. The dancers resolutely refused to have anything to do with such a theme. The business manager foretold ruin. French called the company together and explained the power and beauty of the theme. Patiently he plotted out on the stage the movements, the grouping, the interpretation, the whole great picture to an increasingly responsive company.

"Now" he said to Miss Inglesby. "There's the play—you put in the steps."

The new ballet was to open in Liverpool in October. Two weeks before the opening date Leslie French came down with a streptococcal infection of the throat and was strictly forbidden to leave his bed. The ballet seemed doomed for he was himself playing "Everyman," but on the day of the opening he took the train for Liverpool. At first his en-

thusiasm carried him along, but his strength evaporated and he felt himself fainting. Then "I know what this sounds like," he said, "but it's true. I felt myself, physically and bodily, lifted and held. Something supported me right through the play—in fact the conviction was so strong that I said to myself 'I say, Leslie, you'll have to be a good boy now!'"

The critics were not amused. They damned the Ballet with a unanimity that suggested a get-together

at the bar. But the public thought differently. Leslie French had intended a desertion of the legitimate stage of about four months. He has played "Everyman" continuously, to packed houses, for the last four years.

In contrast to the mediaeval richness and poetry of "Everyman," "Miracle in the Gorbals," the other outstandingly successful religious Ballet, is as stark a piece of realism as could be imagined. Set in a savage Glasgow slum, where the activ-

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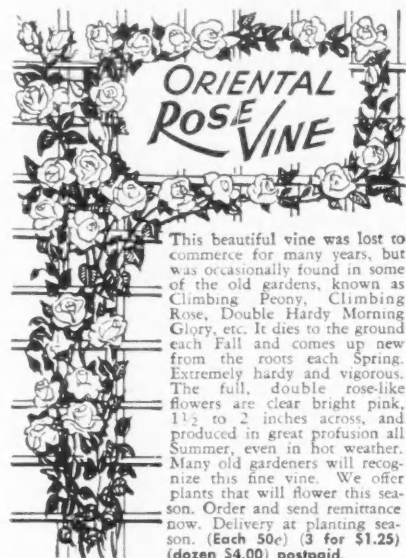
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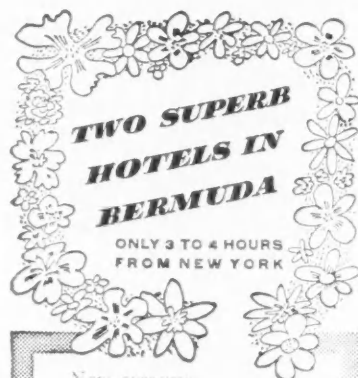
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ties of razor-slashing gangs make it unsafe to venture along even in daylight, the play is modern from the cheap, bright dresses of the factory hands to the music of Arthur Bliss and the painted back-cloths—factory chimneys smoking against a dull grey sky, and the great hulk of a ship. It was conceived originally simply because Robert Helpman had a fancy to do a ballet in modern dress and had talked of this idea to his great friend and fellow-artist, Michael Benthall. During his short cuts to the city through the Gorbals, Benthall, moved by the squalor and misery and yet the vivid life of this grim little fastness, was suddenly struck by the idea of a modern miracle play set against this sordid background. For this ballet is as true a Miracle Play in the oldest sense as the York and Coventry Passion plays. Like them, using the dress and speech and idiom of contemporary people, it portrays nothing less than the Betrayal and Passion of Christ.

Not Apparent at First

This does not immediately appear. We see a Glasgow street of tenements, pulsating with life. Boys in bare feet chase hoops of tire wheels; women in shawls gossip and queue up at the fried fish shop; workmen stagger in and out of the corner Pub; two young lovers whisper together. Moving among them, cold and admonishing, is a ministerial figure (tactfully called "The Official") evidently representing the Pharasaical or Nosey Parkerish type of Church Institutionalism. Suddenly there is a stir, boys run in pointing, and a young girl suicide is carried in. The Minister tries to revive her, but she is dead.

Then, from the river at the back, "The Stranger" walks quietly in. Humbly dressed in old trousers and an open shirt, he is extraordinarily impressive. Bending over the girl he raises her to life, while the crowds acclaim him, joyfully dancing to the music of a blind old fiddler. Jealous and disapproving, the Minister tries to discredit the Stranger by juring him to the house of the Prostitute—when lo, the Prostitute appears, veiled and devout, a Magdalen in Heavenly ecstasy. The Minister plots with a gang of razor-slashers, and the Stranger is set upon, kicked, beaten and stabbed to death. The murderers flee, and on the empty stage the old beggar, the Suicide and the Prostitute, embracing as sisters, are left mourning over the body.

The ballet, which was produced for the first time on October 26, 1944, at the Princes Theatre, with Constant Lambert conducting, was an immediate success. Robert Helpman, who played The Stranger, and Michael Benthall, noted the array of dog eared in the audience with apprehension. But while some of the

secular papers accused the producers of exploiting religion for sensationalism and others expressed discomfort at its realism, the religious press, in the main, was quick to see and appreciate the sincerity and power of the Ballet. As for the popular verdict, the crowds continue to this day to choke the theatre whenever "Miracle in the Gorbals" is on the program.

When the Sadler's Wells' company toured the trenches, some of those responsible were afraid to include the Miracle Ballet in the repertory—but it turned out to be the most popular item of all. The soldiers liked it because it was tough and exciting, and in an idiom that they could easily follow it appealed to fundamental human emotions.

However "sensational" the theme, it is unlikely that a religious theatrical production would attain to a great success without sincerity in the authors and producers—the theme itself sometimes compelling

it. Michael Benthall said that at first he did not think of the religious impact of the play. Robert Helpman said that it would be impossible to play the part of the Stranger unless one felt it. An element of the real missionary intention of the ancient Miracle Plays seems to have survived and given life to the modern successors. But with a difference.

If, amongst that crowd of watchers in the Market place, the Passion Play touched some careless or evil liver to a change of heart, his course was simple. There behind him was the Church to which he returned as a matter of course. But whereas the mediaeval audience, good, bad or villainous, were all taught a definite, practical, Christian way of life whether they observed it or not, the present day play-goer is very largely untaught and unshepherded. A great theatrical religious presentation may arouse his latent religious feelings but it doesn't give him any

practical ideas about satisfying them. He might hear something about it if he went to Church—but he doesn't go to Church. In "Life With Father" a strange, nostalgic note was sounded in hearing small boys spouting yards of the Catechism and learning their Collects as a matter of course. People nowadays believe in allowing a child freedom in the matter of religious observance and knowledge and are afraid that an imposed code of religion without a corresponding response in the child is worse than useless—it "doesn't do them any good." Unfortunately the converse holds good.

If in later life he feels a response to the call of religion and has no "imposed code" to fall back on he is simply left floundering. One of the important points about the Prodigal Son's far journey home, is not only that he wanted to return to his Father—but that he knew where He lived.



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Through their Eyes

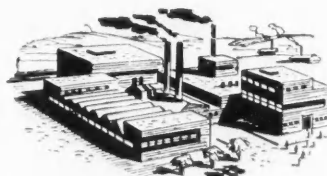
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A U.S. expedition is now visiting East Africa testing radio equipment. This Gatti-Hallcrafters technician in a specially equipped giant trailer is contacting home from Kenya Colony.

Second Battle of Ypres Is Indelible Memory

By W. W. MURRAY

The Canadian Red Chevrons had been on the continent only two months when they arrived at the Ypres Salient in the third week of April, 1915. The story of their gallant behavior in the famous gas attack that broke the French lines should stir national pride in the breasts of the veterans of two world wars. This month the surviving Red Chevrons particularly will be recalling those "spacious days of glory and grieving".

GROUPS of stoutish, grey-haired, middle-aged Canadians will be foregathering for a special purpose this week in Toronto, Ottawa, Vancouver—all the larger cities. They are a steadily dwindling company, an army to which no recruits can come; and until the last of them has shuffled off this mortal coil they will continue to meet year after year during the fourth week in April, with a persistence that will not down. They sit down to dinner, listen to speeches, but above all they live again the memory of the 2nd Battle of Ypres, an episode that long ago became a punctuation mark in Canadian history.

Thirty-three years is a sizable period in a man's life, and the world has had to withstand many severe shocks since the April 22, 1915; but these men were very young then, young and callow, their minds at their most impressionable stage, and what happened then imprinted itself on their memories in a manner that none has ever forgotten, or can ever forget.

They are known as the Red Chevrons, the survivors of that contingent of 33,000 men who were later formed into the 1st Canadian Division, and who left this country for the European battlefields in October, 1914. Their sobriquet is derived from the fact that to distinguish them from others when, in 1916, blue service chevrons were authorized to be worn on the sleeve—one for each year of service—the men of the First Contingent were accorded the right to mark the first year of their service by a red chevron.

It is good for the soul to recall the 2nd Battle of Ypres. Canada's story of it begins when the 1st Division landed in France, in the second week of February, 1915. From St. Nazaire, seaport on the Bay of Biscay, which in the Second Great War again acquired fame for its being the scene of a very famous Commando raid in 1941, they travelled northward to the area of Armentieres, where they became apprenticed for a brief space to battalions of the British regular army, the survivors of the "Old Contemptibles." Eventually they took their own turn in the front-line trenches on the water-logged flats between Armentieres and Lille.

Names With Meaning

The Red Chevrons like to recall the names of these little towns on the Flanders plain: there is something nostalgic about them. Steenwerck, Merris, Bac St. Maur, Sailly sur la Lys, Bois Grenier, Fleurbaix, Merville, Estaires—they all mean something to these Canadians.

Within two months after their arrival in France, the Division moved northward into Belgium. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was the Corps Commander, and he liked to talk with the men, recalling how he had commanded the Canadians at Paardeberg, during the South African War, 14 years before.

The Ypres Salient was reached in the third week of April. A historic little Flemish town, with its roots far back in the Middle Ages, Ypres stood in the middle of a low-lying plain, ringed about by ridges of no great height. New place-names became added to the Canadians' gazetteer. They spoke of "Pop"—Poperinghe—a few miles west by south of Ypres. Between the two towns were Vlamertinghe and Elverdinghe, both within hostile gun-range. Beyond the Yser

Canal, which skirted Ypres, were other picturesque villages—St. Jean, Wieltje and St. Julien. Away forward, where the French were believed to be in the front line, were Pilkem and Kerselaere, while beyond these again lay the villages of Langemarck and Poelcappelle.

The first arrivals relieved troops in an area from four to five miles north-east of the town. On the left of the Canadians were French soldiers, swarthy North Africans of an Algerian division. The commander of the French Army Group was an officer of whom much more was to be heard later. His name was Ferdinand Foch.

The disaster that struck the old Red Chevrons on April 22 has been told from many angles, chiefly from that of the courageous troops who buffeted the shock in the front line. It might be refreshing to reverse this and for once view things as they unfolded themselves to the eyes of Canadians who, on that day, were billeted around Vlamertinghe.

In the forenoon of April 22, some German shells fell into Vlamertinghe, and a few civilians were killed. Of itself this drew little notice. However, as the day advanced, heavy and constant explosions reverberated from Ypres, three miles to the east. They told of concentrated gunfire on the town. Panic-stricken refugees had been trickling down the road throughout the early hours, many coming from forward of the Canal. It was learned from them that the Germans were systematically shelling the whole surrounding country.

The bombardment of Ypres developed. Houses were seen to collapse in dust-clouds, burying their occupants in the debris. A black pall thickened over the town, streaked with tongues of fire as flames from blazing buildings spread on all sides.

Lazy Yellow Smoke

Grouped about their billets, the Canadians now became alive to unaccustomed happenings. Elm trees bordered the road from Vlamertinghe to Elverdinghe. Some men climbed these and gazed over the country beyond the Yser Canal, toward the distant ridges in the vicinity of Pilkem and Poelcappelle. Their vision was obscured by heavy, lazily drifting smoke. But when they descended they spoke of a peculiar yellowish vapor they had seen rising in clouds, miles off to the north-east, and of a brilliant display of red and green star-shells.

The cannonade reached the proportions of drumfire in the early evening. All roads were blocked with jumbled masses of fleeing civilians. Trying desperately to force a way through were ammunition limbers, guns and ambulances.

Into this chaotic tumult a new element was injected. Reeling down the roads and across the fields, dropping into ditches in convulsions of vomiting, and striving to assuage their torments with polluted drainage water, soldiers garbed in the uniform of French Colonials staggered back in dribbles.

"Asphyxié! (Gassed!)"

They had no more to say. But bit by bit the story was pieced together, and everything added up to a tremendous catastrophe. The French had been suffocated by clouds of poison gas projected by the Germans. Their line was broken; the enemy were pouring through the gap. This, then, explained the yellow vapors which had been seen by the Canadian soldiers from the elm trees on the Elverdinghe road late in the afternoon.

And what of conditions up in front? The 5th, the 7th and the 8th Battalions of the 2nd Canadian Infantry Brigade, with the 13th, the 14th and the 15th Battalions of the 3rd Brigade were in the line to the right of the Algerians. The gas just missed their left flank, but when the French broke, and their positions were overrun by the Germans, the Canadians had to throw their line

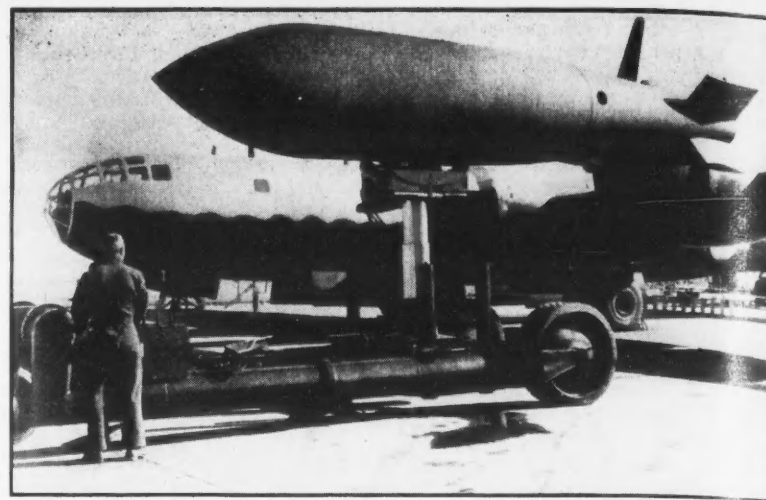
back at right angles. Meanwhile the enemy advanced towards St. Julien, three miles from Ypres, captured British artillery in the Bois des Cuisiniers (Kitchener's Wood) about a mile to the west, and, sprawling over Pilkem Ridge, occupied a confused line extending west to the Canal.

Volumes have been written about the German onslaughts against the Canadian front. The midnight charge of the 10th and 16th Battalions, supported by the 2nd Battalion, through Kitchener's Wood; the repeated assaults of the 1st, 3rd and 4th Battalions up the bullet-swept slope of Pilkem Ridge; the stubborn resistance and the innumerable deeds of heroism and sacrifice, as hour after hour those green troops stood their ground and struck back at their assailants, have been inscribed in books and painted on canvases.

Faintest Shadows

On the outskirts of St. Julien there the Canadians had to withdraw, after gas had been projected on them. Not many survived that retirement to the defensive line near Wieltje. The battalions that had disembarked, light of heart, at St. Nazaire only ten weeks before were only the faintest shadows of their former selves.

On the outskirts of St. Julien there is a monument, "The Brooding Soldier." From a stone column the helmeted head and shoulders of a



The U.S. Air Force has released news of a 42,000 pound bomb, now being tested at Muroc Field, California. Because of its size special lifts were designed to hoist it aboard the Superfort in background.

Canadian infantryman emerge, bowed in mourning. All around is the region hallowed by Canadian bravery. Wreaths are sometimes placed by unknowns at the base of the memorial; occasionally there is a fresh bouquet of wildflowers picked by childish hands from the fields and mustard-patches across which the Canadians charged 33 years ago. In the spirit of the "Brooding Soldier" the Red

Chevrons do well to remember those "spacious days of glory and of grieving." Outside their own diminishing circle their story is not often told now; its subordination to more recent records of newer achievements is natural. But that Canada should ever relegate it to the limbo of forgotten things is unthinkable. The names, Canada and Ypres, are indissolubly linked.



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LONDON LETTER

National Theatre Council Cheered
By Promise of Building Funds

By P. O'D.

London.

OCCASIONALLY the government brings in a Bill which even the ranks of Torydom can scarce forbear to cheer—not very often perhaps, but certainly every now and then. Among such is the proposal of Sir Stafford Cripps that the Treasury should be empowered to make a contribution of not more than £1 million to the building of a National Theatre on the South Bank of the Thames. This is a big step towards the realization of a long-cherished hope, and there must be a good many Tories who wish that their side had first thought of it and made it.

For a long time the site for the theatre has been provisionally allotted by the London County Council in the new "cultural area" which it proposes to develop between Waterloo and Charing Cross bridges. It is an almost ideal site, but the allocation has been no more than provisional. The L.C.C.—not unreasonably, it must be admitted—wants some assurance that the National Memorial Theatre Council will have the money to build the theatre; but all the Council has been able to collect so far is about £70,000. It would hardly pay for the foundations.

Once again the fate which has so persistently defeated the hopes for a National Theatre seemed to have asserted its Molotovian veto. But the government proposal has broken the deadlock, to the extent at least that the National Theatre Council can now go ahead with its plans.

It is not proposed to hand over the money. It is not proposed to let anyone build the theatre at present. But the L.C.C. is given the assurance it wanted, that the money will some day be forthcoming, and the theatre will some day be built. This is all the National Theatre Council could really hope for at this time, but its members can now go forward with their work, in the full confidence that they will have official support.

"The government takes the view," said Sir Stafford, in an unusually benign mood, "that the establishment of a theatre to be operated under public auspices, which will set a standard for the production of drama in a setting worthy of Shakespeare and the British tradition, is a scheme to which the State should contribute."

In a country where the official attitude heretofore has been one of complete apathy towards all such proposals, this is indeed a very generous and enlightened view. Our Socialist rulers deserve full credit for taking it.

B.B.C.'s Oxford Accent

Recently a young friend of mine, just down from Oxford, where he won prizes in history and modern languages—and also his "Blue" for golf—took part in an examination for a position on the staff of the B.B.C. He is an attractive and intelligent young fellow with a noticeably pleasant voice, just the type you might expect the B.B.C. to choose as a prospective announcer. He came eighth out of nearly 2,000 candidates. Good, but not good enough. There were only three vacancies.

This gives some idea of the standard which the B.B.C. sets for its novices, and also of the wealth of material from which it is able to choose. Broadcasting is just now a very fashionable career, and apparently a very exacting one; and yet there are few jobs that expose a man to more criticism of a carping and unfriendly sort.

B.B.C. announcers seem to be about as popular as the people who distribute food, clothing, and petrol

coupons. Everyone feels entitled to take a crack at them—or at any rate a wisecrack. The correspondence columns of the newspapers are full of complaints from listeners.

The so-called "Oxford accent" seems to be the chief target for criticism—though I don't know why

Oxford should get all the blame for it. Cambridge men don't talk any differently; nor do a lot of other men who have never been to either university. "Southern English" is probably a better name for it, but that doesn't make it any more acceptable to people in the Midlands and North, not to speak of Wales and Scotland, where they have their own idea of how the language should be pronounced. Very touchy they are about it, too.

Since some sort of uniformity seems to be desirable, the "Oxford accent" is surely the safest choice. It is at least a very pleasant accent, though not always as clear and intelligible as it might be—especially

to foreign ears. But then if the poor foreigner, or even the listener in this country, had to listen to a proportional allotment of Lancashire, Scottish, and West Country dialect—not forgetting Cockney, I suppose—it is hard to see that he would be any better off. Rather would he be apt to feel that he had inadvertently dialled in on some modern Tower of Babel.

All these variations are heard from time to time—and very attractive they often are—but the official voice of the B.B.C. is likely to go on being the voice of Varsity. And the critics, no doubt, will go on writing acidulous letters about it. You can't please everyone.

Something Is Added

Lucky persons will soon be able to have a glass of German wine with their dinner—or two or three glasses perhaps, if they are very lucky. I say "lucky" because a glass of hock is a very pleasant thing, and there won't be an awful lot of it. The benevolent Mr. Strachey is allowing £150,000's worth to come in from the French zone of Germany.

Ever since the end of the war efforts have been made to bring in German wine, but without result—chiefly, I believe, because of the unwillingness of the French authorities to let German wines come into competition with their own.

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Cartoonist Worth More Than a Battleship

By R. DA COSTA

Well-known to *Saturday Night* readers, David Low, the great cartoonist who has become almost an institution, does not like to be interviewed. He is the one who usually does the interviewing, talking to politicians, making notes on cigarette boxes, and gathering material for his famous drawings. After Low had pumped this correspondent for news about the Palestine situation, a remarkable interview was under way.

London.

WHEN, not long ago, the question was asked at the regular press conference in Jerusalem, how a cartoon by David Low, showing the Mufti, had passed the censor and appeared in one of the papers (in spite of the ban on any form of mentioning the Mufti in the Palestine press), the reply, given by the Public Information Officer, was: "Low is above the law."

When, during the war, an American journalist in England enquired about Mr. Low's equivalent value in terms of armament, he was told: "Low is worth more than a battleship."

When, back in 1927, Lord Beaverbrook had that stroke of genius and offered Low a contract, allowing the

artist-politician to express his own views, even if it was contrary to The Beaver's own policy, the *Evening Standard* soon lost 150,000 protesting reactionary readers and gained 200,000 new enthusiastic followers of Low.

For the last ten years or so David Low has ceased to be a cartoonist and has become an institution. He has been called The Mighty Mr. Low and The Statesman Among Cartoonists. Once, as Bradshaw recounts, a whole British government lined up for him as for the barber's chair, each dutifully answering to his "Next, please," while the cream of the opposition waited patiently in the next room for their turn.

Col. Blimp's Creator

Low is the inventor of Blimp. With him he not only has added a new word to the English language but has created a figure which soon became the common possession of the nation. As much as people today feel disinclined to believe that Don Quixote was born by one man, called Cervantes, there must be quite a few who will be astonished to hear that Blimp is "unreal" in the sense that he is the creation of a single brain.

To find out something of the secret of a brush wielding such extraordinary power, I recently wrote to Low, asking him for an interview. "I do not like very much to be interviewed," he replied, "but I shall be pleased to have a 'talk' (a distinction with a difference)."

On the date of the appointment I went to Golders Green—a typical upper middle-class suburb, with mile after mile of villas, pretending to look like old peasants' cottages—and as soon as we were firmly seated in front of the fire, Low, who knew that I had recently arrived from Palestine, clamped down on me.

For almost two and a half hours he virtually squeezed me out with ques-



BEING INTERVIEWED ABOUT PALESTINE
David Low (left) sent the above cartoon to Mr. Da Costa a few days after their talk—"as an exaggerated version of the interview", wrote Low.

tions about the situation there, its background and foreground, what this section of the population really thought, and what the other wanted. And why, and with what rights. What was the strength bottled up in one camp, and what forces could the opposite number muster. There was no end to the torrent of cleverly pointed questions.

I soon understood why he did not like being interviewed and preferred to have a talk. This was the sort of "talk" he has been having for decades. He is the one who interviews. He puts his questions to politicians, to the man in the street, who listens and looks, and always makes his notes, everywhere, on the margin of a newspaper, the back of a box of cigarettes and on his nails, especially the nail of his thumb, "because it provides a maximum of space."

Here was an important clue to Low's secret. His talent is the foundation, of course, but his insatiable curiosity, coupled to a keen and brilliant analytical mind, made his talent—if the metaphor is permitted—to be one of the best-informed in the Empire.

Yet, I felt, even such outstanding gifts were not sufficient to explain his unique position. It was after I had wriggled myself free from his inquisition that Low himself provided me with the missing key.

Fight It Out

He spoke of his brush, being moved by anger at the stupidity of man and by pity—well, also for his stupidity. There was no other choice, he said, but to fight it out. As a surgeon uses his knife until he gets at the rotten spot, he had to wield his brush, to show in the nude society where it is affected and those who carry the virus.

This was the third, and most important, source of his strength: his humanity and warmth of approach, and his indignance for the dark and irrational. The lifework of this man, whose first name is David, is a continuous slaying of hollow and stuffed Goliaths and an unrelenting fight against the Philistines.

Born in 1891 in New Zealand, Low is of the happy breed, which boasts a mixed Scottish-Irish parentage. At the age of 11 he won his first prize for drawing. At 19 he was political cartoonist of the *Canterbury Times*, attracted the attention of the *Sydney Bulletin* and was asked to cross the sea to Australia. In 1919 he went to London to join the *Star*, which meant quite a career for the young man. He was also lucky to marry a woman who allows him to spread his papers and cartoons over all the floors of the house.

Then came the association with Lord Beaverbrook. Low remained his own boss and became world-famous. His style matured and his forecasts acquired the uncanny tinge of prophecy.

More and more he rose to stand "above the law" and the only instance when he complied was before the war. Hitler and Mussolini became so irritated at his murderous drawings that international complications were imminent and severe diplomatic pressure was brought upon the artist's head. He apparently gave in—and the next day there appeared "Muzzler," a composite dictator who made the two humorless heroes even more ridiculous. But that is ancient history now.

Low's sense of responsibility makes him work eight hours a day. After waking he reads a pile of papers right through breakfast. Then he gives himself a sort of mental constitutional by walking and talking to people, asking questions and, always and everywhere, making his little notes. Then he begins drawing and works until dinner, before which the cartoon is finished.

His difficulty, he told me, is not as one should imagine, to have an idea every day of the year, but rather that he has too many ideas.

"It is the trouble of sorting them out which is so hard; yes, it's a painful business," he said. "Much of the work in drawing arises, too, in eliminating the appearance of effort. That is the real labor!"

When asked whether he entertains the idea of retiring in some distant

future, Low said: "No, I intend to go on until I die—and possibly after. Yes, why not? If there is a heaven, there should be an *Evening Standard* up there too, and I shall certainly contribute to it—"

"What? Whether I am still in favor of the government? No, I am not in favor of the government, but of certain of its policies. As, for instance, the nationalization of our primary industries."

"Because I think Britain can't revive without it, and because our revival is necessary for the revival of the world."

While the fire was slowly burning down the conversation again turned to Palestine. This time the talking was mostly done by Low, but mostly it was "off the record." In his frequent cartoons on the Palestine issue Low always took the side of what he

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calls "the forces of reason and tolerance." He said he is extremely sorry about the present state of affairs and added: "I don't think that any sane man can be otherwise."

"One thing the Jews should try to see. Though I understand that people with their terrible past are emotional rather than clear-headed, I still believe that the foundation of a new state can only be built upon coldly considered facts. Yes, this is the trouble!"

"I don't know what will happen in Palestine," Low went on. "But I do hope that the ties between Britain and the Jews will not be irrevocably cut. This would be a tragedy."

"I have much sympathy for the Jewish people and wish it a better lot, happiness and final success. Twenty-five years ago I experienced the trouble with the Irish and I am very

sorry that, there, reconciliation came too late. So that now—though their record in the war was not bad at all—the Irish are virtually outside the Empire. Now, you see, the British Empire is the nearest solution to a real League of Nations. I am glad to hear that there exists a movement in Palestine to set up an eventual Jewish State as a Dominion within the Commonwealth."

I took my leave and while I was in the process of getting ready David Low thought a few seconds and then replied to my final question. What, I had asked, would be his motto of life, if he would care for such a thing.

"Well," he said slowly, "I suppose it sounds commonplace. But that is what I would say. There is, I believe, only one success one can think of. That is the success of doing the thing you do as well as you can do it."

THE WEEK IN RADIO

Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale" Makes a "Talky" Radio Play

By JOHN L. WATSON

WILL SHAKESPEARE made his bow to "Wednesday Night" audiences on March 31 when Andrew Allan led his stalwarts through a performance of "A Winter's Tale". One wonders why they should have chosen this particular play—which is neither the most impressive of tragedies nor the happiest of comedies—other than by the arbitrary method of opening at random a one-volume edition of the Collected Works. "A Winter's Tale" is a terribly "talky" play; it is also a monstrously far-fetched one. Perhaps that's why it's considered good radio fare. At any rate, its willy-nilly plot was ironed out and its leisurely pace stepped up by Lister Sinclair's adaptation, which involved tremendous cuts and the use of a narrator, or chorus, to bridge the gaps.

In spite of all this simplification, Dr. G. B. Harrison, the eminent Shakespearean authority who gave the introductory talk, considered it fitting to summarize the whole plot for us—a procedure which I, for one, thought unnecessary. Most of us, I think, would rather have a Shakespearean scholar tell us something about a play—even his own personal opinions about it—than simply present us with a summary of its plot, which we can get from any good literary encyclopedia.

Despite competent direction and expert performances, the results were not altogether satisfactory. Only the delightful sheep-shearing

scene came across with life and color and buoyancy. Shakespeare's magnificent fooling—and Mr. Agostini's delectable incidental music—seemed to infect the whole cast and the play soared ahead, for ten minutes.

The great "statue" scene at the end—surely the most shamelessly brazen bit of pure Hollywood in the whole of Shakespeare—fell dismally flat, as it had to do, lacking the visual picture.

Mavor Moore was a fine, psychopathic Leontes, Sam Payne and Alice Mather made Florizel and Perdita a convincing, and even sympathetic, pair of lovers and Bernard Braden was at his music-hall best as the rascally Autolycus. The minor parts were exceptionally well handled. The least convincing were the baby and the bear—both of whom were vocally unnecessary.

Tyrone Guthrie's play about a misfit, entitled "The Flowers are not for You to Pick", was a good radio drama, written for the ear alone. I didn't think it altogether convincing psychologically; the wretched Edward was such an ass that it was hard to feel sorry for him. What made the play real and affecting was the superb performance of Mavor Moore, which carried conviction in every line and every stammer.

This play is extraordinarily well put together; the ending, in particu-

lar, is a wonderful piece of radio writing. The transitions from past to present, from recollection to reality, (the whole action takes place in the mind of a drowning man) were handled with consummate skill. The actual physical sensation of drowning—suggested by heaven-knows-what combination of sound-effects and musical instruments—was terrifyingly real.

Stimulating Discussion

The penultimate broadcast of "Citizens' Forum"—on democratic aims—was one of the best of the season, largely because it was restricted to a panel of professional speakers. The way things worked out, SATURDAY NIGHT's Willson Woodside acted as referee in a verbal battle between one man who was too virtuous to be practical and another who was too practical to be virtuous. The debate resolved itself around what is now the most important question in the whole sphere of political ethics, namely: Should the Democracies give aid and comfort to all the enemies of Communism, even those who are undeniably Fascist? Are we justified in supporting right-wing dictatorships because, like us, they are opposed to the left-wing dictatorship of Moscow?

Dr. Glen Shortliffe of Queen's University maintained that we should have no truck nor trade with authoritarian regimes of any stripe

and J. B. McGeachy of the Toronto *Globe and Mail* argued that we ought not to be too choosy about our comrades-in-arms in the crusade against Communism. It was good, stimulating discussion, of the sort that makes "Citizens' Forum" a valuable—in fact, an essential—program for politically conscious Canadians—and that ought to include all of us.

Two examples of conscious "vertical planning" are promised for the near future: the first an evening of Shakespeare on April 21, the other an all-Mozart evening on April 28.

The Shakespearean menu lists a program of songs with words by the Bard, sung by the C.B.R. singers, a talk on Shakespeare by Arthur L. Phelps, a concert of incidental music to Shakespeare's plays, by the C.B.C. Orchestra and, to crown the evening, a performance of King Richard II, staged by Messrs. Sinclair, Allan

and Agostini. This sounds like good planning—except for the incidental music. Surely a program of Elizabethan music, the kind that Shakespeare knew and used, would be more appropriate than the nineteenth century Shakespeareanism of Beethoven and Mendelssohn!

It will be noted—with general satisfaction, I think—that "Citizens' Forum" has been removed, temporarily at least, from the "Wednesday Night" line-up. The Forums have a very definite place on the air but I am more convinced than ever that it is not on Wednesday evenings.

Thirteen one-hour programs of songs and music from the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas will be broadcast over the C.B.C. Dominion Network beginning May 4. The programs, directed by Geoffrey Waddington, will take in all the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, famous and obscure.

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The "Pacific Scandal" Seen in Retrospect

By EDWIN C. GUILLET

This is the 75th anniversary of the most notorious of all political scandals. The newly-formed Dominion of Canada was in a turmoil for many months after L. S. Huntington, M. P., rose in the House of Commons on April 2, 1873, and demanded a parliamentary committee to investigate his charge that the administration of Sir John Macdonald had corruptly given Sir Hugh Allan the contract to construct the Canadian Pacific Railway in return for huge gifts to party funds.

While the press of the day is full of all sorts of material on the issue, Mr. Guillet has made the first documentary study of the Royal Commission investigation and included it in his famous Canadian Trials series.

AMONG the best-kept secrets of political history is that of the leaders of the Liberal Party in 1873, when plans were being laid to embarrass and eventually to defeat the Conservative administration of Sir John Macdonald. When L. S. Huntington of Montreal, member for Shefford County, rose in his seat in the House of Commons on April 2 and moved for a committee to investigate his charges of dishonesty in the awarding of the contract for the construction of the railway to British Columbia, there is no suggestion that any of the Tories had even a suspicion that anything of the kind was in the air.

When British Columbia joined the Dominion of Canada in 1871 it was on condition that a railway connecting East and West be built within ten years. Before any Canadian capitalists evinced interest in the

project, financiers of the American Northern Pacific Railway interviewed members of the administration of Sir John Macdonald, but they were told it was too early to make any arrangements.

The Minister of Finance, Sir Francis Hincks, at once notified Sir Hugh Allan, Canadian capitalist, stating that it would be unfortunate if foreigners alone were to undertake a purely Canadian project. As a result Sir Hugh shortly formed a company containing financiers of both countries.

Forming the Company

In 1872, however, public opinion had been aroused against American participation, so Allan assured the government that he had dissociated himself from all connection with his friends across the border. Meanwhile Senator D. L. Macpherson had formed the Inter-Oceanic Company and both his and Allan's company were granted charters of incorporation; and an act of parliament was passed to enable a contract with these or any other companies to effect the construction of the railway. Parliament fixed the terms at 50,000,000 acres of land in alternate blocks along the line, and \$30,000,000 as a cash subsidy.

In 1872 Sir John's administration was returned to power, and at first it appeared that neither company was being favored. As Macpherson's was largely representative of Ontario, and Allan's of Quebec, the government appeared to hope for an amalgamation. Negotiations to this end were, as the Governor General, the Earl of Dufferin, put it, "intricate and somewhat obscure," but they broke down when neither of the men in control would work under the other.

The upshot was the formation of another company by Sir Hugh Allan, this time allegedly containing no American capitalists but representative of both earlier companies and of Canada as a whole. To this corporation the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was entrusted, but the details were largely a matter of conjecture until the Huntington motion, the exposure in the press, and the eventual evidence before a Royal Commission.

Events began to move with great speed. No Tory rose to comment on the Huntington charges, but the motion was accepted as one of non-confidence and defeated by 107 to 76. But even party politics has its limits, and on the following day Sir John gave notice that he would ask for a special committee of five to investigate. The House approved the selection of three Conservatives and two Liberals on April 8.

A few days later a bill was rushed through to empower the taking of evidence on oath, but it came out subsequently that Sir John, as Minister of Justice, had almost immediately expressed in writing his opinion that the Oaths Act was *ultra vires*, and a few weeks later the Imperial government disallowed it. Meanwhile the House had adjourned to August 13 to hear the committee's report; but the members refused to continue under such restricted conditions, and the great question was what would happen on the 13th.

Scenes in the House

For three-quarters of a century August 13, 1873, has been a model for disorderly conduct in the House of Commons. The abortive committee could present no report, and the Tories claimed an understanding that nothing further would be done—not even an adjournment. But since the May session much had come out in the press. Early in July the Montreal Herald had carried letters and telegrams that lent corroboration to the Huntington charge of corruption, and Sir Hugh Allan's measured denial had not sounded convincing.

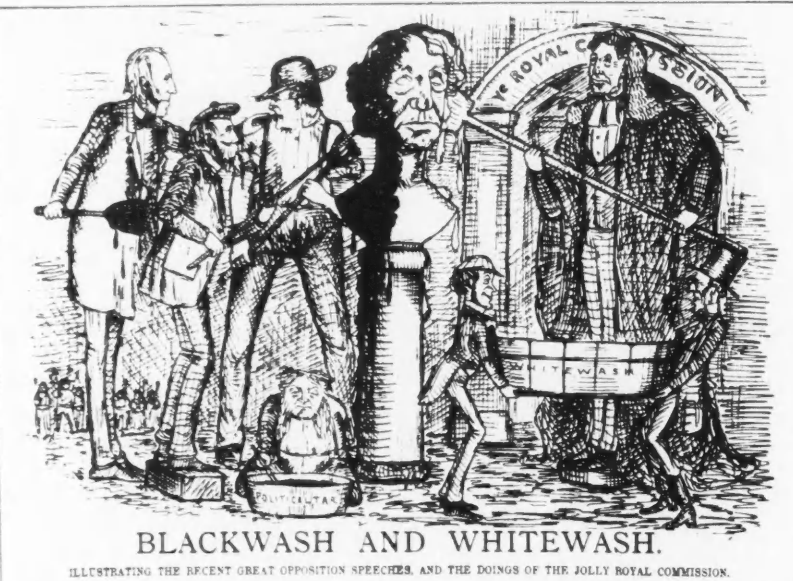
The Liberals were in their seats in force on the 13th, and with the support of a dozen Tories had presented a memorial to the Governor General against the rumored prorogation of parliament. There was no order from the start. Frequent cries of "Privilege!" and other angry shouts interrupted all who tried to

speak. The Liberal leader, Alexander Mackenzie, refused to sit down when the Speaker rose. "It will be a supreme injustice," he shouted, "if the Governor General is permitted to prorogue parliament for the purpose of preserving an accused ministry. I propose to continue to speak and to defend the independence of parliament!"

But the Sergeant-at-Arms came forward and announced the attendance of Black Rod at the door. There was the greatest disorder, but the Usher of the Black Rod was admitted, though cheering and hisses prevented his message from being heard. Then the Speaker left the Chair and proceeded to the Senate Chamber, followed by the larger

part of the government members. Protest meetings lasted well into the night, and the speakers were quick to deprecate the promised Royal Commission in which the accused would appoint their own judges. "They will be selected," said Mr. Huntington, "from old Tory wheel-horses who owe the party an obligation."

The Commissioners were the Hon. Charles Day and the Hon. Antoine Polette of Quebec and Judge James Gowan of Ontario. The terms of reference, all-important in Royal Commissions of a political nature, were weak. No report was requested; the Commissioners were merely to collect evidence—even "opinions" were left to their own discretion. In



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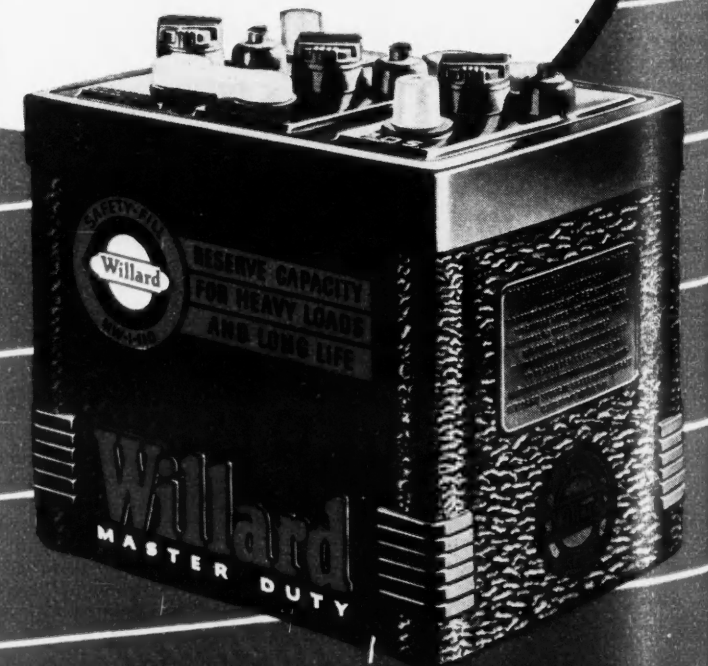
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the event, no counsel were appointed to press the inquiry, but Sir John was there to cross-examine witnesses on his own behalf. No one was compelled to attend, nor, having attended, was he unduly pressed to reply to "awkward" questions. Those who chose to be hesitant or indignant, or who, like the late Will Rogers, knew only what they read in the newspapers, had it all their own way.

Commission Hearings

Mr. Huntington refused to appear on the ground that by so doing he would be giving recognition to a serious breach of the privileges of parliament. Sir George Cartier perhaps fortunately both for himself and his party, died before he could be called; and Sir John and his Cabinet ministers seized the opportunity to use him as a scapegoat. Persons important in the issue were relieved of attendance because of travel difficulties, while still others merely absented themselves. It is consequently the least comprehensive and most unsatisfactory of Royal Commissions and the *reductio ad absurdum* of legal procedures.

The Royal Commission commenced hearings on September 4. Altogether there were thirty-six witnesses, and a large package of letters and other documents found a place in the appendix to the Report.

Among the few items upon which there was general agreement was that "election expenses"—a highly elastic term—had been abnormally high in the 1872 election, and as Sir John Macdonald put it, there was plenty of treating, conveyances for voters, "and dinners and things of that kind, all of which are contrary to the statute but they generally prevail in Canada." In those days hardly an election occurred without a dozen or so petitions under the Controverted Elections Act, for liquor and bribery were equally rampant; and there were, besides, numerous "saw-offs" where one claim of electoral malpractice was balanced against another to avoid a court hearing.

The Conservative election funds, which were under scrutiny, were largely provided by Sir Hugh Allan. But receipts were a bad thing to be caught with, and, like other documents, most of the few that were given had disappeared in the interval. Prominent men had even "forgotten" they ever signed them.

In a "private and confidential" letter to Sir Hugh Allan, Sir George Cartier asked for \$110,000 to aid in the pending elections, stating that it would be paid back. The letter appeared in evidence, and the advances he made here, added to other "expenses" related to the railway project, made a total of some \$350,000 according to Sir Hugh himself.

Then there was stock to be provided to opponents and others for their support—a sort of greasing of the wheels—and this too appeared in writing and caused no end of recrimination, for the thirteen potential recipients were to receive no less than \$850,000.

It is noticeable that almost all of these men were either not called or refused to testify, two only, one of them Senator Macpherson, having any denial or other comment to make. Each man was to receive \$50,000 or \$100,000, according to his importance, but in another letter Allan said he expected to have to give the Senator \$250,000, for he "threatens opposition if he does not get it."

Contact Man

Sir George Cartier was the chief contact man for the administration in its relations with Allan, for he was leader of the French Conservatives, who held the balance of power in the administration. In addition Allan "raised public opinion," as he put it, in favor of his plan to follow a northern route through Ontario. To do this he purchased newspaper support, spoke at public meetings, and visited priests in French settlements. Pressure had to be used on Cartier himself at times, for as solicitor for the Grand Trunk Railway he was originally a proponent of that company's interests.

Sir John Macdonald's testimony, and his subsequent comments in Pope's *Memoirs*, emphasized that the party was not bound by Cartier's negotiations with Allan, and that he had repudiated one agreement by telegram as soon as he learned of it. Cartier's course of action he called "insane," and he considered that Allan had taken advantage of Cartier's failing health.

Sir Hugh Allan's testimony was least satisfactory of all. He had, for example, signed two contracts with his American associates, but he claimed he had entirely forgotten about the second one. It was his eventual repudiation of these agreements with Charles Smith, George

McMullen, and other capitalists that led to their exposure of his correspondence.

Caught in a maze of highly questionable arrangements, Sir Hugh found it impossible to deny them and just as difficult to explain them away. His air of injured innocence was not convincing, and it did not help his case when he (and Sir John too) avoided the ethics of the transactions by relying on the hoary old slogan that business is business.

His best defence of a letter in which he stated that "yesterday" he had made an "agreement" with Cartier was that "yesterday" meant some other day and "agreement" was just an "expression used in the hurry

of the moment." But Sir Hugh was no worse at quibbling than were Cabinet ministers.

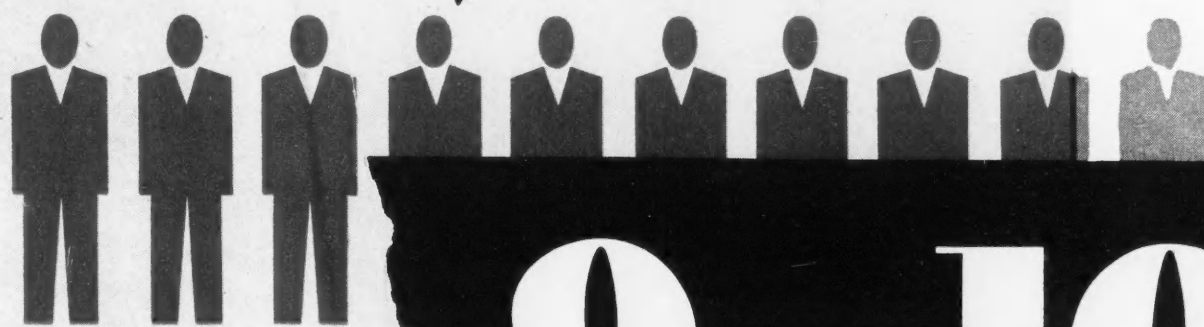
Bengough's Cartoon

At the time perhaps Bengough's famous cartoon "Blackwash and Whitewash" summed up public opinion. In it the Liberals are seen administering heavy doses of tar to Sir John's effigy, while the Royal Commissioners were laying on the whitewash. As they made no report in the true sense of the word, only in their selection and their many deficiencies and defects could they be said to whitewash the Tories, but

the cartoon hit the nail on the head.

When some of his support was withdrawn Sir John resigned, and his successor, Alexander Mackenzie, won the ensuing election. If Mackenzie had been a leader of greater vision and personality the opposition might have so remained for a generation; but he was too cautious, and within five years the country was ripe for a change. Sir John, with his ingratiating charm, his National Policy, and his ability to wave the Good Old Flag, rode back to power, the Canadian Pacific was pushed through to redeem a promise and head off American infiltration into the West, and the Pacific Scandal passed into history.

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MARITIMES LETTER

Island Has a Legislating Flurry; Halifax's Million Dollar Voice

By ERNEST BUCKLER

Bridgetown, N.S.

MARITIMES Parliaments have been legislating like mad. Not like mad (in a rush)—major decisions are still arrived at after de-tour into such subjects as mustard weed, radio mystery stories, calf clubs, warble flies, cranberries, mussel mud, and the odd interjection like "Is a rum known as 'Trade Wind' being sold in Vendor shops?" But legislation has been like mad (angry), or even, in some opinion, mad (crazy), in P.E.I. Premier Jones sticks firmly to his labor act outlawing the closed shop and cutting the umbilical cord (or chord) between local unions and their parents, despite all the adjectives of "retrograde," "discriminating," and "Fascist" showered about his head.

If the word is "cord," in the sense of outside conduit for the sort of obstinacy which forced packing plant workers last summer to refuse to go back to their jobs even after an offer of better wages than they had asked for, there seems to be ground for his action; if the word is "chord," that's different. The defence that less than 1 per cent of the Island's population will be affected by the act has no validity at all, justice is justice no matter how thin you slice it. On the other hand, when you consider that this 1 per cent may jeopardize the operations of all the rest, the decision is not so plain just *who* is the Fascist. The contention that, to be consistent, local agricultural and medical associations should not be allowed to affiliate with their parent bodies has dialectic point. But the argument that if the act is enforced, railway brotherhoods may refuse to

handle Island products, has none. Too much legislation is molded in the crystal ball of expediency.

The advice, "When in Confederation, do as the other provinces do," would have more force also, if it were without exception in the political history of all those bodies which advance it. (Incidentally, it doesn't have much appeal for Islanders anyway. The new liquor act, subject to ratification by June plebiscite, is as stringent as the old.) The whole thing is a little like spanking a child. Everyone appreciates the provocation, but the corrective procedure is questionable.

Portia White

Miss Portia White is just finishing a concert tour of 36 Maritimes towns, and countless nephews and nieces are atwitter in Halifax. There's a colossal party for the whole clan each time Portia comes home. To her family she's the same Portia who used to go about holding her stomach in, and telling them to "put your hand there." She could control her diaphragmatic muscles, as another child might wiggle his ears. She says herself that success hasn't spoiled her, that any pretentiousness would be quickly taken care of by her family anyway—who are as objective, even about her vocalizing, as a hoe.

Maybe the outsider gets that impression only gradually. Her word for this small town tour is "experimental." Gay antic whim? She says "Even in a tiny place like Mahone Bay, an artist has to put his whole being into it with the same integrity as if . . ." Artist, whole being, integrity.

Ten dollar words? But maybe not. With the perspiration which, during performance, drips literally from her expressive hands, to back them up. She says she likes cooking, embroidery, reading that's not too heavy . . . Arch? But how could anyone look so friendly and be arch? And when she says, sure she'd prefer marriage to a singing career, she could be home more. And when you catch the flicker of apologetic humor when she confesses her defence against the common cold ("I have an atomizer . . . chloratone or something"), you know she's just one heck of a nice normal gal . . .

Not Infant Prodigy

She's 32 now, and contrary to most belief, was not a child discovery. It was not until 1939 that Dr. Ernesto Vinci took her in hand. Before that, any vocal instruction she's had was no better than possibly-bad. Her first professional concert was at Acadia, in 1940. She remembers that the \$100 she got for it looked like the mint. (Now, she can live a whole year on the proceeds of this Maritimes tour only, and live well.) In 1941, she sang in Eaton Auditorium, by arrangement of fairy godmother, Miss Edith Reid. It was Miss Reid who arranged the audition with Edward Johnson in 1943—of which she recalls only that he was extremely kind, encouraging, told her that facilities for further study were as good in Canada as in the U.S., and didn't seem to notice that, though she could find good voice for "Don Fatale" and "Connais-tu le Pays?", nervousness inhibited her conversational repartee to "Yes" and "No". It was Miss Reid also who made arrangements for "my Town Hall debut" (well, what else would you call it?), in 1944.

Her tactics against invariable pre-concert panic, of arriving just in time to take off her wraps and go on, worked out handsomely that night. Ten minutes after curtain time, she was still shuttling back and forth between her hotel and Dr. Vinci's. He had forgotten that she was to pick him up, and had gone

to Town Hall direct. That night, she was almost hustled onto the stage with her wraps on.

Since then, she has sung from Halifax to Vancouver, through U.S., and in South America, Central America and the Caribbean. She didn't like the Dominican mice, which kept scuttering back and forth across the stage during her tenderest arias, shatteringly near her long dress. Or the cucarachas in the shower. But she did like the broadcasting down there. Ordinarily she finds broadcasting "too cold"; but down there, even in Bogota, the studio audience's appraisal was quite innocent of direction by placard, and with direct access to the live microphone. She is now under the management of Bernard La Berge. He has Europe mapped out for her next, if other map-makers don't upset their plans.

She's not temperamental. She has fits of depression, but lays these to nothing subtle. She loves to sing, but, believe her, it's work. And she doesn't give the impression that music keeps popping out of her all the time, as if she'd swallowed a bobolink. Sometimes she has trouble "getting free," she is sensitive to the lighting and atmosphere of buildings. But she never, never, cancels an appearance under stress of a blown-up whim. Once though, at Queen's, it was a near go. The

spokeswoman of the 'welcoming committee had said, "I don't like artists." It seems that the one preceding Portia had reneged because of a rift in her love lute. Portia said, not me. And then at intermission, didn't the most loathsome object begin to slither up the drainpipe in the washroom. She screamed with everything she had (which is plenty!). Her accompanist came running—but refused to investigate. She went back all right, but it does dislocate your phrasing, to have just seen your first bat!

Experiment

And now she really explains this "experimental" business. In a small town like Lockport, for instance, would anyone go to a concert? Well, they went all right. Performances were sold out everywhere, even in the whistle stops. She didn't sing down (although she does get plenty of requests for "Chloe" and "Shoo Shoo Baby"), but she found that the Maritimes are "eager and hungry" for good music.

And here an almost evangelical fervor staccatos her usual calm. "So why can't they have it?" "Why should we grovel in the dust (!) to American talent, when right here in Canada we have bigger and better voices, because we're farther

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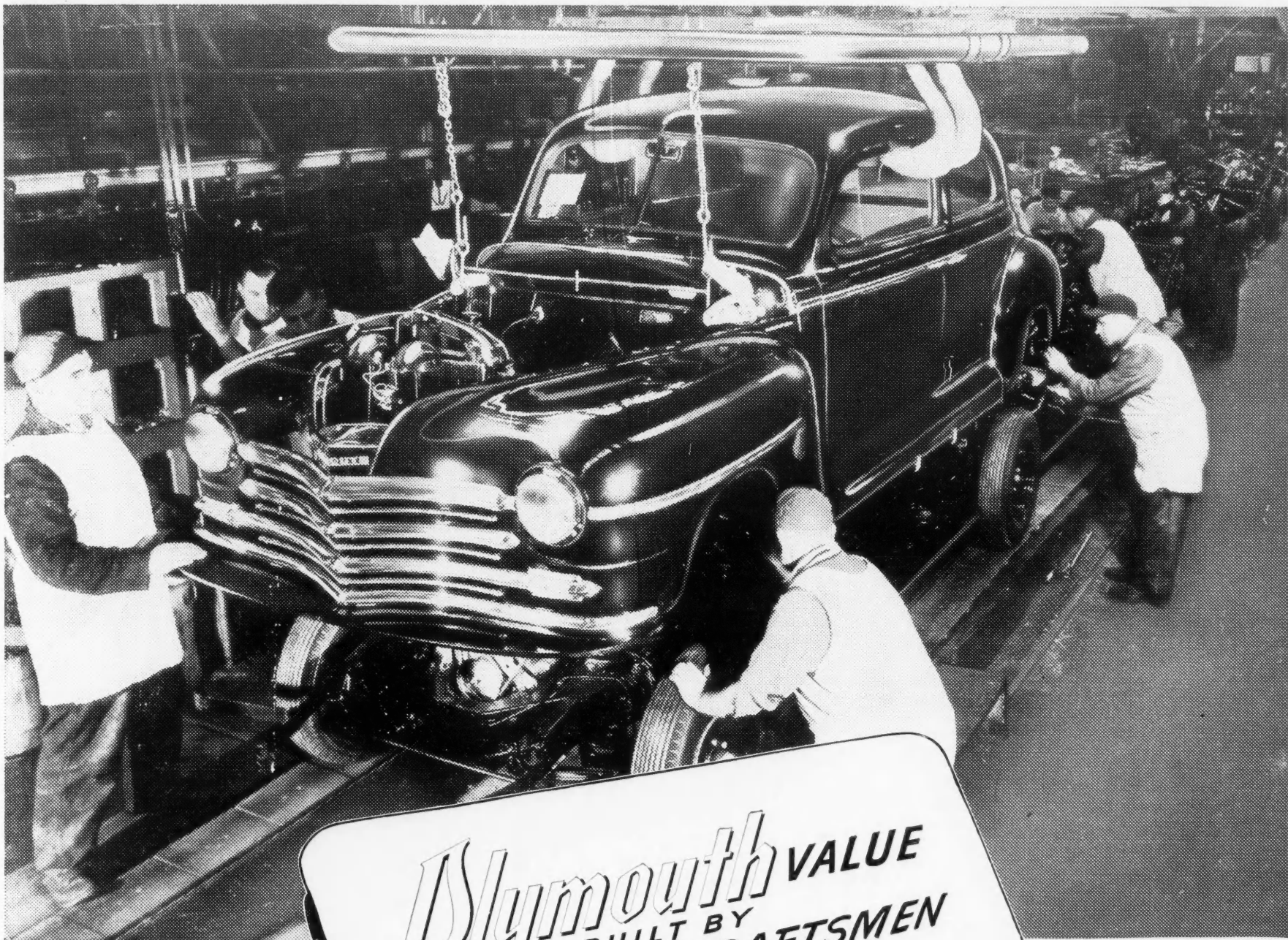
North?" "I told them everywhere we went, there is plenty of Canadian talent which could give you just as good a show as we've done." But there's no outlet for Canadian artists, they can't live." "Why can't their talent be organized and heard?" She's got something there. It seems to me that Miss White herself has the most sensible approach to the inevitable question, how does she stack up with Marian Anderson? She says they bring such different physical equipment and life experience to the same song, and so translate it so differently, that the question becomes almost meaningless. You gather that she finds the accident of similar race no more relevant to comparison than, say, the circumstance of being born in the same block. She has met Miss Anderson once, at intermission dur-

ing an Anderson recital, but there was little time for anything but the usual clichés. On the other hand, she and Dorothy Maynor are old friends. Maybe I shouldn't venture how she *does* sing, because I scarcely know a contralto's middle register from the kitchen range. But I'd give her A for arias, B plus for "presence" and lieder, and A for spirituals. I'd give her B minus for cute little lays. (That's more a discount of the songs themselves, though. I have the feeling that all such songs, from what my true love said to me right up to and including the lass with the de-he-he-lee-cut air, deserve the same neat job of evisceration by Bea Lillie that Bea did on those fairies at the bottom of the garden.) I'd say that the clear water of her middle voice sometimes has a little

marsh grass floating beneath it; but there's a sort of hoarse magic in her lower voice, and her upper voice doesn't rise up thin like a column of smoke, but seems to leave her body and mushroom concentrically until it fills the whole room. But wonderfully.

Perhaps her most compelling number is "Let Us Break Bread Together." It is splendid music. We might pay some attention to the lyrics too. Even here on her own home soil where, bless our broad-minded little hearts, there is not always a room at the inn.

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MANHATTAN PLAYGOER

Broadway's Perfect Lady Producer Wove Magic Spell of "Brigadoon"

By NAT BENSON

New York.

WHEN you think of a big Broadway producer, you usually visualize a tough beefy-looking gentleman with a screaming cravat and a well-chewed cigar, or a cold-eyed Sphinx looking too deliberately like a Man of Distinction. But Broadway's best-known and most successful producer today isn't a bit like either. She's a perfect lady, a graduate of Smith College '25, and an authentic intellectual in her own right. We're speaking of Miss Cheryl Crawford, producer of those stage enchantments called "Brigadoon," "One Touch of Venus," "Family Portrait," "Waiting for Lefty" and a dozen other famous New York successes.

Cheryl was born, of all places, in the big rubber town of Akron, where she escaped the dire fate of being called "Ardis" only because a friend of her mother suggested by letter the odd and lyrical name "Cheryl." No Broadway figure ever tried harder to be more self-effacing, and in the end proved to be more unconsciously impressive. Short, compact, trimly built, gracious in her manner

and impeccable in her beautifully tailored grey suits with dark red accessories, Miss Crawford looks like what she dominantly is—a terrifically able business woman who loves her work. Her eyes are clear, steady and bright blue; her smooth dark boyish bob is perfectly suited to her strong resolute nose, mouth and chin. In repose her face has the true aristocracy of the bona fide intellectual. Her whole expression radiates a very certain self-confidence, a heartening if quiet power that embodies in its center that most priceless and indispensable of all Broadway's dubious ingredients, the sureness of touch that has in it a depend-on-me, clear-cut finality in opinion and judgment. Her mouth can at times vary from the hard horizontal set of a hard-boiled poker-player to the generous smile of an idealist who is describing the things she loves best—and those things have always been the miraculous and soul-satisfying cumulative effects she can create from the gifted people and the manifold properties of the theatre.

Out of Thin Air

Much of the wonderful dream quality in her latest and greatest hit production, "Brigadoon," undoubtedly emanated from her own vivid imagination, and materialized from her long-standing knowledge of what can be done with various devices to create an atmosphere of astonishing and inspiring illusion. Rising from a mist of lights and colors, the auld legendary Scottish town of Brigadoon seems to take on form and materialize before the eyes of the audience. But away back, twenty years back in Cheryl Crawford's experience, she did pretty much the same thing on a less grandiose and much less expensive scale when she produced a Hindu drama, Kalidasa's great play, "Shakuntala." For this romantic religious story of ancient India, which was produced in the president's garden at Smith College, Miss Crawford borrowed smoke pots from the New Haven R.R., and along the footlights laid a big length of pipe with holes drilled in its upper surface. She persuaded the Northampton Fire Department to pump water into the pipe. Then with her impromptu fountain, her



CHERYL CRAWFORD

smoke pots and the proper lighting, she caused a tall golden cliff to appear out of thin air before the amazed eyes of her academic audience. And "Brigadoon" materializes pretty much the same way. Miss Crawford is the only producer, or productress, who could qualify as the Wizard Prospero's wife.

The longer you talk to this genuinely-shy, hard-to-draw-out lady, the more her brief, quietly-stated opinions impress you. For instance, all New York, press and people alike, raved over Judith Anderson's sensational piece of bravura acting in the grim and gory tragedy of "Medea." Miss Crawford considers Miss Anderson is undoubtedly one of the four greatest actresses now extant, but like the astute producer she is, she immediately put her finger on the terrible hole in "Medea"—which was the need of a robust and earthy Jason of heroic stature rather than the elegant, fragile figure of John Gielgud, whose woe-laden helplessness makes Medea seem more like a hideous villainess at the play's end than an avenging heroine. "Jason" said Miss Crawford, "needed to be genuinely physical, a stodgy and animalistic man—and the poet Robinson Jeffers might have done better to build up Jason's character more convincingly through his lines."

Lacking Somewhat

Your critic felt enormously gratified to hear that Miss Crawford agreed with him that two of Broadway's best-remembered classic dramas of recent years, Paul Robeson's "Othello" and José Ferrer's "Cyrano", were, as Damon Runyon might say, lacking somewhat. We felt that Mr. Robeson was noble but wholly unemotional, and that Mr. Ferrer over-intellectualized the highly emotional and impetuous character of the incomparable Cyrano. Miss Crawford assured us that a generous supply of authentic emotion would have made both Othello and Cyrano more forceful and vivid.

Miss Crawford is a thorough-going idealist, but a wholly practical one, which almost makes her a human paradox. "I read about 600 plays while I was in college, and tried to develop from them some feeling of what really goes to make a great or a good play. Now my criterion is what I like. I like to do new things in the theatre, things that other producers wouldn't try. And sometimes these things make money." Her continuous record of better-class hits proves her point, for a minimum of her high-minded exploits in the theatre have flopped.

We talked of the ill-fated and disappointing season or cycle of plays presented by that fine organization, the American Repertory Theatre. A.R.T. needed \$325,000 to operate in its first year and only one of its six presentations, "Alice in Wonderland," was a box-office success. Their plays, Shaw, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Barrie and "Yellow Jack" were excellent dramatic fare, but just didn't draw. So, not ever being a believer in trying to swim up Niagara Falls, Miss Crawford resigned as a director of A.R.T., but still remains connected with her famous confrères, "Peggy" Webster and Eva Le Gallienne, in an advisory capacity.

"Shortly after A.R.T. began, I didn't see how they could make a final 'go' of it," she said. "We were putting on worthwhile plays, with top-rank actors and actresses, intended for serious playgoers rather than visiting firemen. We should have had a \$2 top admission as they have at City Center to get the size of audiences that our expenses demanded."

She spoke of actors. "Sometimes they don't 'come through' as they did in rehearsal. They don't register. You're very sure of them and they're sure, too, and then they just don't click with the very critical sophisticated New York audiences." We mentioned specifically the three who failed to "get over" in Miss Crawford's memorable production of "The

Tempest". "Arnold Moss and Canada Lee were excellent, but Zorina and those very talented Czech comedians, Voskovec and Werich, just didn't get over." One of the latter is convulsing audiences in Prague now with a Czech version of "The Man Who Came to Dinner".

We asked Miss Crawford if she had ever wanted to be an actress or playwright. "No", she admitted, "I don't think I ever wrote or acted well enough. I played Lady Macbeth and Priscilla Alden at Akron's Central High School, and went to Smith College in '22 where I enrolled in their famous drama and theatre course under Prof. Sam. Eliot, nephew of Harvard's famous 'five-foot-shelf' scholar. The course was like Har-

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Cancer research and education are progressing through the all-out efforts of public and private agencies. But you are still "the first line of defence." To learn more about protecting yourself from cancer, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, "There's Something YOU Can Do About Cancer." Address your request to Booklet Dept. 48-T, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

These are cancer's "danger signals"

- Any unexplained lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
- Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
- A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
- Noticeable changes in the color or size of a mole or wart.
- Loss of appetite or continued unexplained indigestion.
- Any persistent change in normal elimination.
- Any persistent hoarseness or unexplained cough.

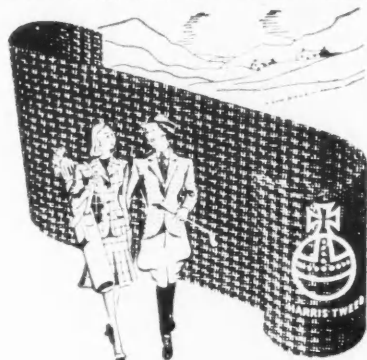
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ward's celebrated '47 Workshop' that Tom Wolfe described. It included history of drama, playwriting, working backstage, drama production. That was where I decided I wanted to be a stage manager and maybe a producer later. But when I got out in the world, nobody wanted a woman stage manager at any price. I'd just about used up the little money my grandmother left me, and was living in the Village and had my lights turned off because I couldn't pay the bill; so I read by candlelight, lived on hamburgers for economy's sake and nearly lost hope, when Miss Helburn offered me a \$35 a week job as casting secretary with the Theatre Guild. It wasn't what I wanted but Miss Helburn said: 'Take what you can get, child.' So I rose to \$75 a week as third assistant stage manager, then to \$150 a week stage managing at the Garrick . . .

Those were tough days. I'd get to work at 10 a.m. and work till midnight. I often slept all night on a cot backstage to watch the lights and sets. I don't think I'm a self-conscious artist, but I do know a fair amount about stagecraft, and the mechanics and cost of what it takes to make a good show. I worked six years with wonderful people at the Guild. I learned an enormous amount in my early days from working with people like Philip Mueller, Reuben Mamoulian, Jacques Copeau, Alfred Lunt and Winnifred Lenihan.

"After six years I felt it was time to move on to something new, and I became one of the founders of the famous old Group Theatre. From September 1931 to 1937 we did 15 plays in the Group. These were the golden years of the Group's great young playwright, Clifford Odets, of Harold Clurman, Morris Carnovsky and Luther Adler. Clurman in his book called them 'The Fervent Years'—they were too! But finally, when three of his plays failed in a row, Odets got discouraged and vanished into Hollywood." And that, in a word, is what happened to the American Theatre's potential Ibsen.

Most Memorable

Out of sheer curiosity, we asked Miss Crawford to name over for us the most memorable and thrilling plays she had been associated with, and she mentioned in order "The House of Connolly", "Success Story", "Men in White" (a Pulitzer Prize Winner), Odets' "Awake and Sing" and "Waiting for Lefty", "Gold Eagle Guy", "Paradise Lost", "Johnny Johnson", "All the Living" (her favorite play of them all), "Family Portrait", "Porgy and Bess", "The Tempest", and those fabulous money-makers, "One Touch of Venus" and the spectacular "Brigadoon".

"There are more talented people around, young and old, than ever before", she said with a touch of gloom in her low, sincere voice, "but in 1947 85 plays were produced as against 320 in 1926—so that makes it four times tougher for them to get a break today."

Most of all, we carried away the memory of Cheryl Crawford's clear eye, her strong expressive face full of light and vitality, and her firm hand.



Photo by du Bois

Marie Peaker, 11-year-old daughter of Canada's eminent organist, Dr. Charles Peaker, played Haydn's Piano Concerto in D major recently, her father providing orchestral accompaniment on the organ of St. Paul's, Toronto, at special pre-Easter recital.

clasp. Her whole being seems to wear an aura of quiet controlled confidence, a depth of knowledge and strength, a sureness of touch in one of the world's toughest fields for a woman to enter and conquer. She is not a beautiful woman, nor a too-consciously feminine one, but hers is the deeper beauty of a brilliant mind and a soaring intellectual imagination which almost glow through her boyish exterior. Though she'd deny it resolutely, Cheryl Crawford is a unique intelligence, a rare personality whose color lies well below the surface of her crystal-clear mind, which has made her famous for unequalled accuracy of judgment in the thousand ever-changing problems of the theatre. Now in her prime she has

become a sure-handed leader, a dependable exemplar among those creative spirits who move with certain knowledge toward the shining peaks of artistic achievement.

After seeing "Brigadoon", we believe that the new musical on which she is working with Alan Jay Lerner and Kurt Weill, is appropriately named—it's called "Dish For The Gods".

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What we do, and when, and where!

Signing O-in-C decrees
Keeps them humming like the bees.
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In ivory tower on Parliament Hill
The pundits plot with cunning skill,
Chanting their Oinc! Oinc! chorus
song

In hopes their office to prolong.

Let voters deeply growl and bark,
What care they in the secret ark?
Orders-in-Council! O-in-C!

Oinc! Oinc Oinc! for you and me!

The while they kill Free Enterprise,
(Lauding its virtues to the skies!)

Senate and Commons stand around,
Blind, deaf, dumb, and paw the
ground.

Recalling days of yesteryear
When Freedom's voice was loud and
clear.

Now they queue to draw their pay
While Oincs! Oincs! pile up each
day!

Oinc! Oinc! Oinc! for you and me—
That's the New Democracy!
Down with Parliament and votes!
Make cur M.P.'s sheep and goats

Told to follow where they're led
(If they want their daily bread!),
Stay well put and trot at heel,
While O-in-C's fly off the reel!

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THE BOOKSHELF

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Current Best Sellers Show Variety From Religion to Native Problem

THE BISHOP'S MANTLE—by Agnes Sligh Turnbull—Macmillan—\$3.00.

NO TRUMPET BEFORE HIM—by Nelia Gardner White—Ryerson—\$3.50.

By J. E. PARSONS

In both these novels a young minister of a large and fashionable church does his best to preach the Christian life even when it means cutting across the pattern of un-Christian business practices on the part of the members of his congregation. Each of them, too, declares war on the pillar of the church whose income is derived in whole or in part from the rental of squalid tenements. And Agnes Sligh Turnbull, author of the former, sat as judge in the contest which awarded the latter novel the \$8,000 Westminster Annual Award for Fiction.

"The Bishop's Mantle" tells us the story of the first years of Hilary Laurens as pastor of a large metropolitan church. He is idealistic, extremely intelligent and sincerely religious, though one wonders if these admirable qualities are really his when one discovers that shortly after his marriage to the beautiful society girl, Alexa McColly, she has the effrontery to suggest, plan and execute a cocktail-party right in the rectory for her girlhood friends. She does, in fairness let it be admitted, have a struggle with Hilary to have her way about this, but she does throw the party. They arrange that Hilary be tactfully absent while the liquor is being poured, in order that his reputation might not suffer too much. And, like Hilary, the reader finds the cocktails hard to swallow.

We admire Agnes Sligh Turnbull for having judged "No Trumpet Before Him" worthy of an \$8,000 award for fiction. It must have been obvious to her, as it is to us, just how far it surpasses her own novel of which Hilary Laurens is the hero. "The Bishop's Mantle" is excellent reading. It has a message. Its characters, skilfully drawn as they are, remain characters. But "No Trumpet Before Him" is the drama of life itself. Its hero, Paul Phillips, has personal flaws (Hilary Laurens seemed to have none), but his chief characteristics are courage and honesty. Indeed, he is almost a misfit in his profession. Many times during the story we would cheerfully have throttled his wife, but she turns out to be a pretty good sort in the end. The remaining characters in the novel are not the sticks and clothing of "The Bishop's Mantle," but the flesh and blood of youth you would reasonably expect to find in any congregation.

In both books we catch glimpses of the private life of the pastor, the sick calls in the night, the weddings, the funerals, the power politics of the vestry, and, above all, the casualness with which too many people take the teachings of Christ.

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY—by Alan Paton—Saunders—\$3.50.

By RODNEY GREY

MR. PATON'S novel is a sharp cry for that lost land of the Zulus, the desolate hill country of South Africa ruined by erosion, and a searching description of the effects of tribal disorganization on the present day native, attracted by work and wages to the Chicago of South Africa—the sprawling gold city of Johannesburg.

The story of the Reverend Stephen Kumalo, who represents in his many-sided character much that is of the best in European as well as African culture, is one being enacted every day. In search of his sister and son, Kumalo leaves his parsonage in the river valleys and rolling hills of East Griqualand to journey to Johannesburg. There he uncovers a tale of petty crime leading to murder—murder meaningless in immediate detail but in the larger sense indicting the social system which drives the native from the impoverished soil to the city of resentment. Johannesburg stands for that corruption and destruction which many a native youth has encountered.

"Cry, the Beloved Country" is well subtitled "A Story of Comfort in Desolation"—but as well as the social content omnipresent in every page, it stands as a literary achievement because of the use of a rhythmical prose suggested by the Zulu idiom. The author has effectively caught in English those earth-bound cadences of native speech; they give his story something of simplicity and grandeur that the cult of incomprehensibility denies. It is this very simplicity of the oral tradition that lends Mr. Paton's novel an air of fatalistic tragedy, the tragedy of racial ferment and bitterness which overshadows the purely personal story.

The chief characters of the novel, delineated by their spoken word, are typical of South Africa. Because they are typical, Mr. Paton is able to tell the story of a thousand Kumalos and tens of thousands of sons. Kumalo's fellow priest sums up: "The tragedy is not that things are broken. The tragedy is that they are not mended again. The white man has broken the tribe . . . it cannot be mended again."

CAME A CAVALIER—by Frances Parkinson Keyes—Smithers & Bonellie—\$3.50.

By EDWARD EARL

IMAGINE an American girl who wouldn't marry a wealthy, handsome, French aristocrat simply because she had—years ago—helped a young college student to pass his exams. She felt she wasn't worthy of such great love!

You meet up with this old-world character, Constance Galt, when she is a Red Cross "searcher" in World War I. She's so utterly friendly, tactful, conscientious, courageous and sympathetic that you're ready to throw up before you're halfway through—and it's a long halfway (577 pages divided by two).

The book is in two parts—"Searching" and "Finding." "Searching" takes place in War I; "Finding" in War II. In "Searching," Constance is a young, sensitive girl, attracted by two men, Duncan Craig, an engagingly caddish American Army doctor, and Tristan de Fremont—you've guessed it, her hero—a French cavalry officer "of irresistible attraction." She marries Tristan—irresistible as he is.

In "Finding," she is the mistress of the Chateau de Malou, poised and mature, still courageous, still sympathetic, etc. She sees her husband and two sons away to the war, and

settles herself down to a cold battle with the Germans who intermittently occupy the Chateau. Her sons die brave deaths. Her husband escapes from a German prison camp. She, in a series of remarkable coincidences, discovers a German launching spot for "flying bombs" and informs the British of this fact via pigeon post—pigeon having fortuitously dropped in at moment of discovery. And so on.

The background of the story is excellent, the life in a small Normandy village is realistically portrayed, and some minor characters inject a few vigorous moments—but Constance! You can have 'er, I don't want 'er, she's too good for me!

Despite all this, the book must have something—it's high up on the list of best-sellers. Maybe the woman who "keeps the home fires burning" has a greater appeal than I suspect.

The Crime Calendar

By J. V. McAREE

ELIZABETH FERRARS is one of the most gifted of the newer generation of English mystery writers. Her *With Murder in Mind* (Collins, \$2.25) is based on an original idea, namely of the truth coming to light through sessions with a psychiatrist by one of the parties involved. The writing is exceptionally good; but the story is on the whole unsatisfactory, perhaps because we can feel little

sympathy with any of the characters. But it is a book one will remember much longer than the usual run of murder stories . . . Anthony Gilbert is one of the most prolific of English mystery writers, and oddly enough his latest books seem to us better than the earlier ones with which he established his reputation. *Die in the Dark* (Collins, \$2.25) in which one of his favorite characters, Arthur Crook, the lawyer, appears is in all respects satisfactory . . . E. C. R. Lorac's *Death Before Dinner* (Collins \$2.25) has the same defect as *With Murder in Mind*. The characters themselves are uninteresting with the natural exception of Chief Inspector MacDonald. The setting of the crime is unusual; so is the motive, and the puzzle is complicated enough to please the most exacting addict . . . *Dance Without Music* (Collins, \$2.25) is Peter Cheyney's latest. It is rather a thriller than a detective story, and belongs to the hard boiled school, with a good deal of unnecessary profanity.

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THE BOOKSHELF

"Lucinda" Ranges Time and Space But Boyd Is Never Galsworthy

By JOHN H. YOCOM

LUCINDA BRAYFORD—by Martin Boyd
—Collins—\$3.00.

WHEN a novelist enlarges his canvas in time and place to range through four generations and over half the world, pitfalls increase many times more than they exist within smaller frameworks. Such things as historical, geographical and social accuracies are the more obvious traps. The hidden trouble spots are complex factors like a gradually evolving society's mores, outlook and temper. Particularly treacherous booby-traps are the subtle psychological hardenings and softenings of the characters, their expansions or contractions in the aging environment.

Circumscribing Effect

In a novel that stretches from 1858 to 1942, from Victorian England to rugged Australia and back to England with side-trips to Provence and Italy, Martin Boyd sidesteps most of the snares. Furthermore, in handling so skilfully a fine assortment of characters and developing as a thesis the decay of patrician qualities in the aristocracy before the circumscribing effect of a powerful middle class plutocracy, he has kept the book from becoming a dull family chronicle. On the other hand, one feels that some tightening up of the structure, a greater economy in filling out characters, less diffusion in descriptive passages, and a straighter line of plotting would have improved it.

The central character is the granddaughter of two Englishmen who, at the beginning of the story, are enemies as the result of a college hazing. The two men go to Australia; one to make a fortune in horses and sheep, the other as a Melbourne clergyman. A marriage between the

one man's son and the other's daughter, in a brief but successful parody of a Montague-Capulet romance, brings Lucinda Vane. At 18 she is a beautiful, high-spirited, determined girl, with adequate but not excessive amounts of selfishness. She marries the Hon. Hugo Brayford, a hard-up aristocratic Englishman putting in a stint of duty as a Government House aide. He was just what Lucinda's parents, now that they had struck it rich and needed social status, could have ordered.

In England at the start of the First World War, Lucinda is shocked by her husband's infidelity, even more by his callousness when he is faced with her knowledge. But plans for bringing out into respectability, by divorce and marriage, her own clandestine love affair go awry when Hugo comes back from the front a poorly patched up plastic surgery case to be her main care until he dies.

Social Decay

Other crises gently build up and have dénouements as in a leisurely six-hour play. But the decay of the social order, as the old families of England knew it, is the stage curtain rung down at the end of each act. Paul, Hugo's half-brother, is especially well portrayed as the *entr'acte* spokesman. He is the sardonic remnant of aristocracy. His world is that of the post-Renaissance; no furniture that has been built after 1793 is worthy of his notice. His brother, Viscount Crittenden, is one of the few who can still manage to meet the new, untitled business and political leaders on their own ground with some success and retention of class pride. On the other hand, Baa, a young earl who has compromised with the new

order, writes a gossip column for a wealthy, uncouth Australian publisher's mass circulation newspaper.

The most delicate part of the story is the fitting in of Stephen, Lucinda's son, to the world of changing values. He is sensitive and idealistic and lives in a world of his own—Palestina on a flute and day-dreams at Cambridge vespers. Even Lucinda's efforts to give him some kind of stability are of little value. Not until he dies, does she really understand, as she sits in his old college chapel at twilight, his natural kindness and his unwillingness to kill. For this latter he had endured the fatal cruelties of the Glasshouse, the military prison at Aldershot. Previously, as a civilian, he had taken a heroic part in the Dunkirk withdrawal.

Boyd spent four years on this novel, rewriting it twice after he had finished his first draft. The result is a carefully planned literary product, which, while not being quite up to Galsworthy, as James Hilton appraises, is several cuts above the current offerings of similar wide-canvas novels.

BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.

The Sinclair Saga

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

SIGNPOSTS TO ADVENTURE—by
Gordon Sinclair, F.R.G.S.—McClelland & Stewart—\$3.00.

"SIGNPOSTS to Adventure," Gordon Sinclair's latest book, covers the whole Sinclair saga and brings it up to date. It will be eagerly read by young people who dream of careers in journalism; but whether it can actually serve as a journalistic manual is another question, since the Sinclair career is unique. It could hardly happen to anyone except Gordon Sinclair and it is very unlikely that it will ever happen again.

Like many large journals the Toronto *Star* appeared to operate on an alternating system of wild spending and tight economy, so that at one period a reporter might be sent abroad with a four-figure drawing account and at another be sharply checked on a taxi-fare to the suburbs. When Gordon Sinclair was still a young reporter the *Star* was in one of its more extravagant moods and Gordon seemed just the boy to spend its money on. He had audacity, exactly the right blend of responsibility and irresponsibility, and a talent for writing as easily and informally as he talked.

The *Star* was right of course—it usually is where promotion activities are concerned. Gordon Sinclair

became one of the most dazzlingly successful promotion schemes the *Star* had ever set in motion; and as a result he was kept in motion for years and years, travelling over most of the earth's penetrable surface in search of stories.

The account of his adventures in Europe, India, China and Asia as well as on and off the *Star* is retold in "Signposts to Adventure." As the dust-cover suggests it is a fine book for boys of thirteen and over—though not perhaps for boys who think the Sinclair career is a simple trick that they can easily turn themselves.

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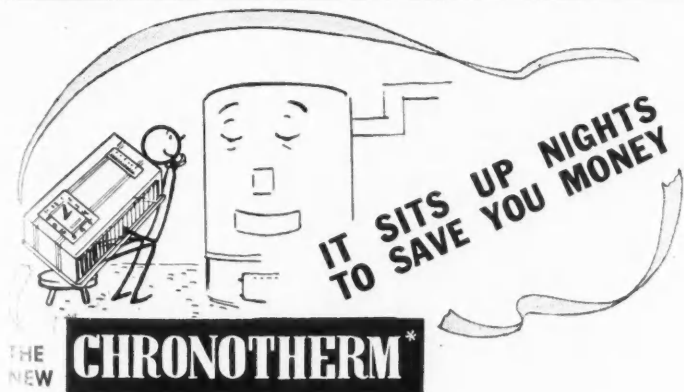
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Proper Rentals to Ease Housing

(Continued from page 17)

and they would be required to get out as soon as they were over their financial trouble. Inevitably under such a scheme the houses would be quickly called "poor houses," and anyone forced to accept housing under such conditions, would be stigmatized for life. The gossips would say, "Why, he lived for years in a 'poor house'." Nearly everybody wants to be self-supporting. If through bad fortune they must ask for relief, it is their wish and in their interest not to publicize it. It is also in the public interest to help them to become self-supporting as quickly as possible.

Mr. Higgins referred to public housing in the United States. I have obtained information about several projects there and visited some where the managers gave me full information. In every case they were rented at an economic rental. I think Mr. Higgins' figure of \$18 monthly economic rental, with an average rent to the tenant of \$12 per month is really a figure of rental *per room*, which I found to be the general practice in the U.S. Thus an apartment of dining and living room, kitchen and one bedroom at \$12 per room, would be \$36 per month for the apartment (not counting the bathroom). With two bedrooms it would be \$48 per month. Further, I found that no one was accepted as a tenant unless he

could show he was in a steady position and earning three or four times the rental. The prospect had to furnish good references for character and habits. If his income should increase to over four or five times the rental, he had to get out at once.

Mr. Higgins also refers to "slum conditions" in our cities. Perhaps he does not know of the Housing By-Law of Toronto, adopted in 1936, and ratified by the Provincial Legislature. Incidentally, in the preparation of this, I cooperated as a member of the city council. Under it the city can inspect houses for rental, either condemning them, and they are torn down, or requiring certain improvements. Under this by-law 1,289 houses in Toronto have been destroyed as unfit, and 11,192 houses have been improved as ordered, with an expenditure by the owners of \$3,916,524. In many cases such forced improvement of one house has been followed by the voluntary improvement of others nearby. The city has power to lend the money required for any improvement ordered, such advance being a prior claim to any existing mortgage, with repayments spread over several years. Several such loans have been made.

Better Through By-Law

Anyone who knew the slum areas described in the Bruce Report would be astonished if he visited those areas today and saw the great improvement in many sections through the operation of the Housing By-Law.

There is no doubt that new housing to be rented will not be built by anyone unless he is crazy, under our present rent control laws and procedure. I am similarly certain that if the proposals suggested here were adopted, then a start would quickly be made. If rent control were abolished there would soon be many housing units given up by single persons now occupying them alone when formerly there were others with them. Thousands of home owners would be glad to rent a room or two, where now they will not think of taking anyone in. They have had bitter experience with rent control.

There would then be good hope for formation of housing companies to which the government now offers very liberal terms of assistance. But none will take it under present conditions. Such public housing companies would in their own interest endeavor to give as much as possible in the way of space and service and living conditions at as low a rent as possible. This would be a constant check upon any attempt of private owners to charge an exorbitant rent.

During my life in Toronto, some-

times owning my home, sometimes renting, and knowing many similarly situated, there never was a time when exorbitant rents were charged. On the contrary, there were several periods of depression when the landlords generally were very generous in reducing rents to assist their tenants. Very many of those generous landlords have been heavily penalized for their generosity by such reduced rentals being "frozen" through the unjust regulations of rent control, with the tenant profiteering at their expense.

Mr. Higgins refers to the arrangements of government cooperation in loans. In my opinion the Dominion Housing Act is one of the finest acts of Canada.

BAGATELLE

Octagonal Shooter Is a Good Egg

By G. STUART

MY DICTIONARY defines "adjective" as "a word used with a noun to express a quality of the thing named". If Mr. Webster and his successors know their definitions, it is time that some of the adjectives we use were barred from both amateur and professional ranks. They should be retired from service and never called upon to perform adjectival duties again.

I am thinking at the moment of the manner in which the word "square" becomes the symbol of perfection when used as an adjective. The ultimate in fair treatment is described as a "square deal". The man who abides by all the rules of honor and honesty is a "square shooter". A tasty, satisfying dinner is a "square meal". The soup at the beginning of the meal and the coffee at the end are served in vessels totally lacking in corners. The mashed potatoes are a shapeless pile and the filet mignon is more round than square. The peas are small spheres and the cauliflower refuses to fall into any geometrical classification. The wedge of pie is cut in the pattern of a sector of a circle. Despite all this, we describe it as a "square meal".

There are other geometrical figures but their possibilities as adjectives are largely ignored. Consider the cube, for instance. If a square represents the ultimate in desirable attributes, a cube should represent the infinite in perfection. But have you ever heard of a "cubic meal"? For that matter, have you ever heard of an "octagonal shooter" or an "equilateral triangle deal"?

IN THE fiction which comes my way someone is forever being paid off with "crisp, new ten dollar bills". Or maybe fives or hundreds. But always crisp. Never limp and greasy and mangled, with an accompanying odor akin to that of the city dump, like the ones and twos and fives which deign to take up short term residence with me.

And we speak of a "round trip" when we mean a trip there and back by the shortest route which, since the earliest days of mathematics, has generally been conceded to be a straight line or the nearest approach to one. Unless, of course, you happen to be travelling across an ocean. In that case you will probably follow a great circle route and your trip will be a round one indeed. And I shall be most apologetic.

Whenever I meet up with "clock-like" used in the sense of a high degree of exactitude, such as "clocklike precision," I am impelled to take up my hatchet and blaze a trail across the skull of the author. If you have missed a train because your watch inexplicably lost ten minutes, if you have been awakened at 4.45 by the alarm which you set with the utmost care for 7.15, if you have been awakened by the iceman at 9.20 when the alarm clock failed to issue its shrill summons at the proper hour, you will know what I mean.

Then there is the "helpless as a new born babe" expression which has been around long enough for the babe to have attained the state of senility known as second childhood.

Why a "new born babe"? Why not a day old or a week old? What more can a week old child do to help itself than a new arrival? Nothing. Except, perhaps, generate a greater volume of sound. For that matter, was there ever anything quite as helpless as a six year old when ordered to expose his neck to soap and water? "Aw gee, Mom, I can't reach away back there. Heck, it isn't even dirty anyway."

Nor can I understand the chivalry which is attributed to the fiercest animals or to the species of fish which enjoy a morsel of human flesh for the dessert course upon occasion. Did you ever hear of a "woman-eating tiger" or a "female-devouring shark"? You did not. They are man-eaters every one. Presumably

any of their number which set tooth to a tender, feminine rib roast would be outcasts, shunned forevermore by all honest man-eaters.

And then there is the "bitter end" to which someone is always fighting or struggling or carrying on bravely or playing the game. It is never a painful or sour or dreary end. Nor is it melancholy or dull or cruel. Always bitter. Like coffee that has boiled too long.

Strange, too, how "ringing phrases" can issue from the lips of a speaker with a voice which has the bell-like qualities of a saw ripping through a knot.

And so, brethren, if you would live to a "ripe old age", I urge you to forego the use of these weary adjectives within range of my slingshot.

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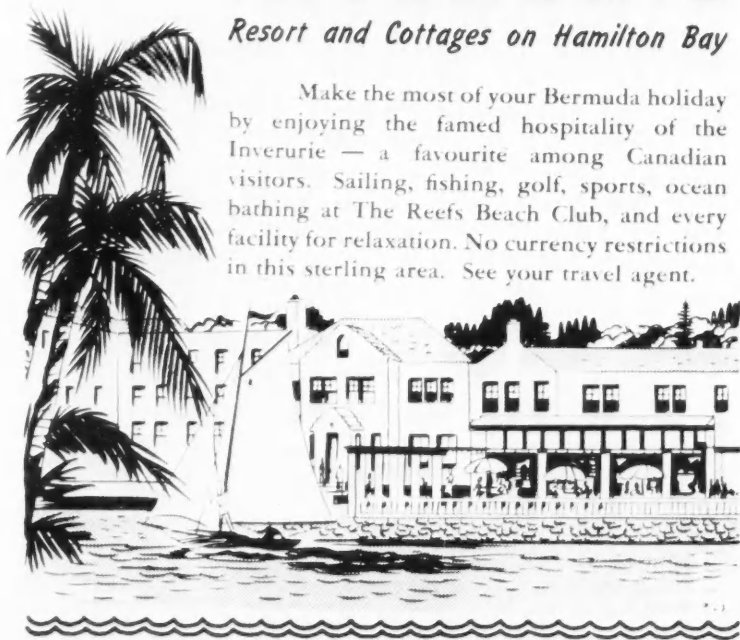
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Build Child's Character by Scientific Aids

By J. DONALD L. HOWSON

Religious instruction must be brought into line with modern times so that it means something to children of today. For instance, emphasis should be put on the Sermon on the Mount (the Beatitudes) but none on "Thou shalt not kill" since everyone in our society presumes that little Johnny will not be killing his playmate anyway.

A clergyman who has done considerable research in and writing about religion and psychology here reports on a refreshing program for the teaching of Christian ethics. It is the Ligon plan, named for its founder, a U.S. psychologist.

IN A recent publication entitled "Some Tasks for Education" (1946 Oxford Press), Sir Richard Livingstone advocates the setting up of an educational system somewhat along the lines that Plato advocated in his "Republic"—a plan with certain virtues as goals and with the child's training at each age level directed toward these goals.

"We should decide what virtues we require," Sir Richard says. "We should note the merits and defects of our own and other nations and try to discover their origins. We should consider the special weaknesses of our own age, the peculiar temptations and dangers—moral and spiritual—to which it is exposed, and how to counteract them."

Such a proposal constitutes a parallel to the thinking of a number of leading churchmen of our day. In

all programs of educational reform, of course, the Church has always been vitally interested, particularly in those directed toward the development of Christian character and personality. About 2,000 years ago Jesus exhorted His followers to be perfect even as their Father in Heaven was perfect and the Church, which Jesus founded, has dedicated itself since that time to the building of Christian character in men and women.

Down through 20 centuries Christian families have known the ways in which children may be virtuously brought up to lead a Godly and a Christian life. Parents have presented their children for baptism; and, through the method of prayer, worship and sacrament, the Church has striven to make virtuous men and women of them. By this method multitudes of the saints began their lives of companionship with God and lived lives of holiness.

But in these days such a beginning is impossible for the multitudes because, for one reason or another, they have become deaf to the call of the Church—whether it be a call upon them to hear sermons, or a call to a life of public worship and sacrament. The fact that so many men and women, especially young people, avoid the processes set forth by the Church, may be an indication that the methods need readjusting. There is here no disparagement of the Church intended or justified. But every age with its changing conditions has its own special problems and its own special needs.

In one respect at least, the tech-

nique of the Church might well be improved. That is in respect to its children. A child learns Christ-like ways not by listening to lengthy discourses—on unselfishness, let us say—but by being helped at every hour of the day as each occasion offers itself to do the unselfish thing, until unselfish habits are formed. It is generally after such habits have begun to be formed, and not before, that the child begins to link up this way of life with its more mystical thoughts, and that such a habit becomes a matter of conscious achievement and consecration for him, encouraging him to go further in the quest of perfection.

The Ligon Plan

It is gratifying to discover that among some Christian educationists this course is being followed. This year I witnessed an attempt at such an educational scheme. It was demonstrated at a Workshop on Character Education, conducted by Professor Ernest Ligon of the department of psychology, Union College, Schenectady, N.Y. There were approximately 75 men and women present, representatives of 14 churches of various denominations, all of which employ the "Ligon Plan" in their church schools.

The program is based on the assumption that Christian personality is the highest type of character personality to which man can aspire. Realizing the inadequacy of the Church's contemporary methods to develop such personality, Dr. Ligon takes eight of the teachings of Christ as goals toward which we should strive in character education. He has selected the first eight of the Beatitudes as the basis for various character traits which are essential, so he believes, in our culture, yet which do not develop automatically. No reference is made in the curriculum, for instance, about "not killing" because our culture assumes that it is wrong. The average mother doesn't have to warn her girl or boy not to kill a playmate. But the average mother does, perhaps, have difficulty in training her child to be constructive rather than destructive in his play habits, to derive as much satisfaction from giving as from getting; and to develop a healthy-minded courageous outlook on life.

Dr. Ligon's program is centred around a list of attitudes which the child needs to learn and which are not learned automatically in our culture. These attitudes are set up as goals toward which the child must strive, somewhat in the manner Sir Richard Livingstone suggests. It is a seven-day-week program in which the parent must cooperate as well as the Sunday School teacher. Indeed, there must be an integrated program directed toward these goals on the part of all influences in the child's life if 100 per cent character education is to be achieved.

One of the singular aspects of this plan of character education—and the most significant, I think—is its emphasis on individual differences. Dr. Ligon insists that character traits have no meaning apart from the individual in whom they are to be developed. I wonder if we haven't here a fundamental tenet of character education which has been almost entirely overlooked in time past.

In the future we may perhaps look forward to seeing something in education corresponding to the practice of medicine.

System of Cure

Might we not have a similar aim and treatment in education to preserve the health of character? Parents, and to some extent schoolmasters and Sunday School teachers, undoubtedly have always tried to correct the undesirable tendencies of children. But might not that practice be carried much further? Might we not devise a system of education which will attempt to cure the weaknesses to which human beings are prone and to encourage the virtues which require strengthening? Might it not be done much more methodically and scientifically? During the past few centuries our

educational programs have been orientated toward an understanding of the natural laws controlling the universe. So many discoveries have been made about these natural laws that modern man has tended to assume that his understanding of them would provide a spiritual and physical panacea. We may now conclude, safely, I think, that natural laws are not the only laws governing our lives; that natural science, on which 20th century man has so proudly relied, has not all the answers to the world's problems. There is a spiritual science as well, and even as in the material world we must act in harmony with its laws, so in the realm of the spiritual we must strive to attune ourselves to the spiritual laws. We must strive to understand

the spiritual laws so that we can apply them to the individual child and train each child according to them.

It has always been my belief that Christ's success during His human ministry was that His faith was an experimental, scientific one. It was based on the theory that the universe is lawful—a theory equally as valid in its application to human nature as it is to nature itself. It seems to me that it is *this* approach that needs emphasis in our society today. If we were to apply this theory in all attempts to build Christian character and personality we might well learn the secret of the words of Christ: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."



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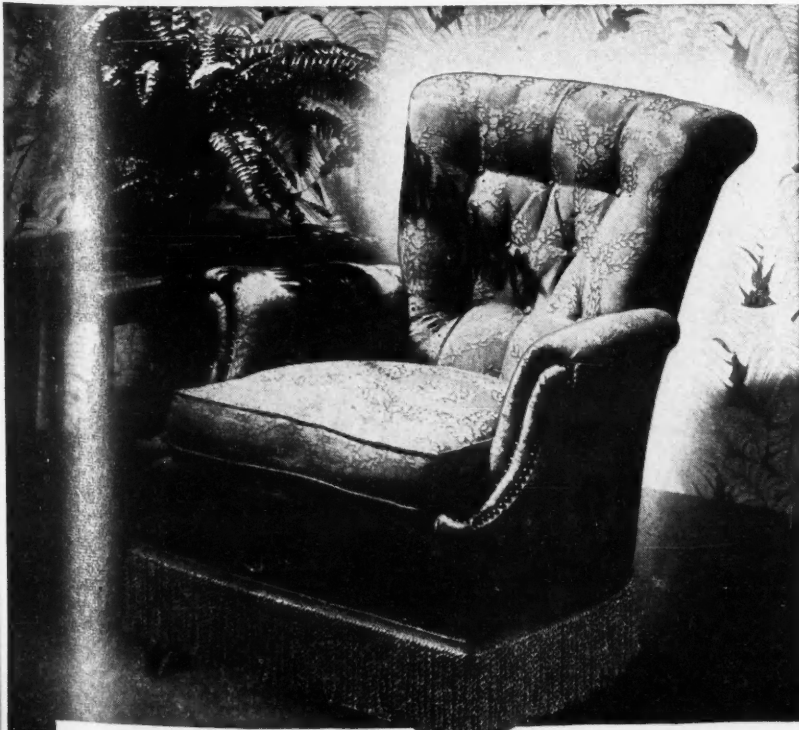
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THE FILM PARADE

**Hollywood Presents Primrose Path
to the Everlasting Reward**

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE current production at the Imperial was originally called "The Bishop's Wife". Apparently the producers figured, however, that a title like that would sink the whole production, including Loretta Young, with her Oscar tied about her beautiful neck. So in order to modify the High Church note they hastily renamed it "Cary and the Bishop's Wife." The fact that Cary Grant who plays the very secular angel of the piece wasn't called Cary, but Dudley in the story, wasn't allowed to carry any weight. When a come-on is required nothing else is important.

"Cary and the Bishop's Wife" is a screen fantasy, and its theme is that simplicity and goodness are definitely superior in the eyes of the angels to worldly pomp and million dollar edifices. Since the production is in the medium budget class, it probably didn't take more than a million and a half to make the message stick.

The message of "Cary and the Bishop's Wife" is that we should all be kind and good and unworldly and terribly attractive to the other sex and then everything will turn out all right. The story is about a Bishop (David Niven) who is engaged in rearing a fine cathedral to the glory of God. Naturally he has to include in his building plans the whims of the wealthy parishioner (Gladys Cooper) who heads his subscription list. While he is still struggling with this spiritual problem, he is visited by an angel (Cary Grant) who points out that the money spent on the Cathedral roof could be put to much better use in sheltering the homeless in the congregation. Any interest that the Bishop might have in this unworldly idea is nullified by the fact that the angel is beginning to show a disturbingly human interest in the Bishop's wife, (Loretta Young). . . . Eventually, of course, everything is straightened out. The wealthy parishioner is softened, the Bishop's wife gets a lovely new hat, which is apparently all she demands by way of worldly excitement, the Bishop is converted to a more spiritual attitude to his calling and a more secular one to his wife, the angel resigns himself to the conditions of his calling, which don't include Miss Young, and disappears.

Uplifting Intentions

Ecclesiastical heterodoxy in these matters is Hollywood's orthodoxy and it is possible that a screen producer would be as genuinely shocked by the notion of a sexless angel as an Anglican bishop might be by Angel Cary Grant. On the whole the worst that can be said about "Cary and the Bishop's Wife" is that it is fairly foolish, and if it presents a slight parody on the bishop and a rather broad one on the angel, its intentions are as uplifting as possible. David Niven does as well as he can with a role as limp as a piece of damp celery, and Cary Grant struck



Helen and Karl Schnabel, famed Artur's daughter-in-law and son, will present a program of two-piano music in Eaton Auditorium, April 24, sponsored by Friends of Great Music.

me, in spite of his humanitarian point of view, as rather more demonic than angelic. It's mildly entertaining.

The Gallup pollsters have recently been busy on the subject of English vs. Hollywood films and have turned up some interesting discoveries.

It seems that the larger proportion of people who prefer British to U.S. movies are over fifty years of age. This may be because the leisurely pace of British films is better adapted to the tempo of elderly types than the Hollywood product. Or it may mean that people of fifty and over have developed higher critical standards than their juniors (always assuming that British pictures are actually superior to Amer-

ican ones.) The pollster didn't ask this group whether they preferred British films because they were British or because they were better; probably because the answer from any sturdy conservative of fifty and over would be that because they were British they were bound to be better.

Another discovery made by the Gallup pollster was that the larger the city, the higher the approval of British films. This may be because the characters in an English film tend to stay within their indicated income group; and while cosmopolitans find a charm in this type of realism, more scattered groups prefer the dream conditions presented by Hollywood.

A more baffling item was the division of British film admirers into social classes. Thus 33 per cent were said to be "upper class," 29 per cent "middle-class" and 18 per cent "lower class". Assuming that the pollster is free from the false delicacy which would prevent him asking people directly whether they belonged to the upper, middle or lower classes, how is he to know whether they have given him the right answer? Or if he makes his own private

estimate, how can he be sure that the person he is addressing isn't a millionaire disguised as a tramp or even a tramp attempting to climb out of his social class by professing to admire British pictures?

SWIFT REVIEW

NAKED CITY. The late Mark Hellinger's film paean to New York City. The Hellinger New York turns out to be the special New York of the tabloids but the film is vigorous and interesting. With Barrie Fitzgerald.

THE UNCONQUERED. Last \$5 million epic of the perennial Cecil B. DeMille. Big, spectacular and pretty foolish. With Gary Cooper, Juliette Goddard.

THREE DARING DAUGHTERS. A Joe Pasternak production which faithfully follows the family Pasternak recipe, this time with less than middling success. With Jeanette MacDonald, Jose Iturbi.

SITTING PRETTY. Clifton Webb as a resident baby sitter who hates babies is largely responsible for the success of this suburban comedy. With Robert Young, Laureen O'Hara.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

BERNICE COFFEY, Editor

FAMILY BEHAVIOR

Mental Illness Need Not Be a Calamity

By MIRIAM CHAPIN

THE SHOCK of learning that a member of your own family is mentally ill is usually extreme. You may have known for a long time that Johnny or Susie was strange at times—sulky, perhaps, or prone to fly into a temper over "nothing at all", but the final verdict overwhelms you. All the terrible stories you have heard about institutions fly through your mind, the worry about expense, the horrid question, "What will the neighbors think?" Then there comes

the feeling of guilt, "Am I to blame?", which is hastily shoved into the depths of consciousness, covered up by irritation or self-justification, "After all the sacrifices I've made for that boy—".

Once the first shock has subsided and the doctors have made the necessary arrangements for treatment, the time comes for a calmer appraisal of the situation. Two facts bring comfort. The first: they do get well. Approximately 65 per cent from one

Canadian mental hospital are discharged and do not return. Others have slightly higher or lower averages, but at any rate the patient has more than a fifty-fifty chance for recovery, for returning to ordinary life, for being able to earn a living and enjoy what happiness comes to mortals.

In some types of depression and excitement, modern psychiatry has cut the time needed to restore equilibrium to a few weeks. Some victims of mental illness due to alcohol come out of the acute stages in a few days, with injections of glucose and insulin and doses of vitamins. Of course, much depends on the type of illness—some take months or even years to recover, but then so do patients with tuberculosis or poliomyelitis. Once in while, the attack recurs, but not as often as do asthma spasms. There are several kinds of mental breakdown in which recovery is just as clearcut and complete as from pneumonia or appendicitis. You have good reason to hope.

Learn to Understand

The second comforting recollection: there is a great deal you can do to help the cure of husband or wife, son or daughter, if you will learn to understand the causes of the illness and how to behave toward the person who is suffering from it. Some of the more modern institutions have classes for relatives, where the doctors explain what they are trying to do and how family life can aid or harm. Social service workers may visit homes and prepare the way for the patient to return, or advise on behavior when you visit the hospital.

Some of the same precepts as those on letters to soldiers apply here—don't write about money worries, don't tell bad news if you can avoid it, don't complain. Often the patient has separated himself from the life around him because he feels inadequate to cope with it; if you remind him of his burdens you delay his being able to pick them up again.

One is tempted to put as most important, though it probably isn't, the admonition, "Forget the neighbors." Over and over again people who are merely undergoing day care, returning home at night after shock treatments or occupational therapy or talks with a psychiatrist, are blocked in their progress because the family doesn't want anyone to know what is going on, and so winds them in a skein of deceit that eventually trips them up.

One woman whose daughter, a pretty girl of nineteen, had collapsed, felt that she herself was responsible because she had been obliged to work to support her children and so had not been able to look after them. She was sure the neighbors would blame her if they knew the girl was in a mental hospital, so she insisted on having her home occasionally to show her off—"See, she's quite all right, she's just been away visiting her aunt." Since obviously she wasn't all right, the result was such a structure of lies and excuses that both mother and daughter were tangled in it, and the daughter's recovery was long postponed.

Armor for Children

The stigma of shame regarding such illness has almost disappeared in professional and literary circles. Indeed it is becoming absurdly fashionable for the would-be genius to refer casually to "his" psychiatrist, and "his" analysis. But it persists venomously among less informed people. The movies with their many films about psychiatry, putting Gertrude Lawrence and Ingrid Bergman through their paces as analyzed or analyzer, have indirectly done a good deal to drive away the shadow. The new documentaries, "Feeling of Rejection" and others which the National Film Board is doing should help if they are widely enough circulated.

The particular point where this fear and shame about mental illness tends to perpetuate itself is in the case of children whose father or mother has to leave home for treatment. Neuroses are not inherited, but nobody can possibly calculate how often the foundation for a future neurosis has been laid in the child whose playmates yell, "Lookit Rosie! Her ma's gone to the 'sylum.'" In the case of the adolescent whose friends may be less crude, pity and whispered gossip can be quite as cruel and disastrous.


No grown-up can wholly protect a child from such encounters, but some armor can be provided by a clear explanation of just what has happened, of the reasons for it and the hope of recovery.

The extent to which this can be done depends of course on the age

of the child, but even a little boy or girl can be told, "It isn't that Daddy doesn't love you any more that he won't play with you; he does, but he's sick and has to go away for a while. You remember when Janey's mother was sick in her chest and had to stay in the hospital, and pretty soon she came home much better? Well, Daddy will have to stay away longer than that, but some day he'll be back all well. Don't let the other children bother you, they just don't know what they're talking about."

Shutting the children out, trying to keep the truth from them, merely deepens the mystery and alienates them from home. They feel vaguely ashamed and bewildered and react with defiance or sullenness. Let them share the trouble. It won't hurt them if they understand to the limit of their capacity, and it may help them

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if it develops a feeling of unity against disaster. But if the child is obviously broken up over the situation, it may be best to send him away for a time, for a visit if it can be arranged.

Nor will your own feeling of guilt toward husband or wife or child do harm if you can bring it into the open and accept it. Nobody brings up their children perfectly; all of us do the best we can and make failures. Of course you are to blame—not as much as you think, but somewhat. Well then, that is a burden you have to carry, so go on from there.

How can you best help now? Again, try to understand. No matter how strangely a sick person acts, there is some reason for it in his troubled mind. Don't argue with him, take things for granted. Don't get angry, no matter how utterly unreasonable he seems to you. Don't treat him differently from other people, if you can possibly avoid it. Don't be afraid—very few disturbed people are dangerous; rather they are withdrawn into an inner life of their own.

Often when a man or woman comes home from a stay in a mental hospital and undertakes to go back to work after a period of psychotherapy, family and employer spoil his chances by fussing. He is struggling to live normally; let him struggle. "Don't lift that heavy chair, dear," was the admonition to which one young man answered, "Good Lord, Mother, it's my brain that's weak, not my back."

PERSONALITIES

With Violin and Baton

By WINIFRED E. WILSON

EVEN in Ethel Stark's student days a brilliant career was foreseen for her. But anyone having the good fortune to witness (yes, "see", not just "hear") the concert given by her own orchestra in 1941, with Mme. Luboshutz as soloist, must have sensed the feeling with which this great violinist regards her one-time pupil. When the final note had been struck, glowing with satisfaction, the guest artist was not content merely to congratulate the conductor in the customary manner, but with tears in her eyes kissed her in true European style.

As conductor of the Montreal Women's Symphony Orchestra, Ethel Stark holds a position not duplicated in all North America. This versatile woman is also an accomplished concert violinist. The combination is a happy one. She has a fellow feeling for an individual member of her orchestra and also for a guest soloist. The result makes for smoothly-running concerts.

Miss Stark, a Montrealese by birth, is a Musician of McGill. She credits Saul Berman, of the Conservatorium, with having given her a firm



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He was well on the way to health when he could say that. Even if you worry when Mary goes out to walk alone, let her go without question; she is better or she would not start off by herself.

They Do Get Well

There is one very important thing which you as a citizen can do. You can press for more and better care of such patients, especially those who have no money for the expensive courses in private sanitariums. The days of intentional cruelty are gone forever, we trust, in any institution for the mentally ill. But all public and most private ones are overcrowded. Patients do suffer, from neglect, from insufficiently trained staff, from lack of occupation, lack of psychiatry.

You vote for the legislators who dispense the money for such purposes; see to it that they know you want proper care for all such people. In the long run it pays, in the restoring of productive ability, in the saving of future cases, in preventing insanity when a mild neurosis is cured before it hardens into delusion, perhaps even in saving some child from attack by a sex maniac whose unrecognized feelings of aggression take that most brutal outlet.

You can take all these measures more effectively if you take them in hope rather than in fear, bearing in mind that with the progress of knowledge, more and more of our mentally ill do get well.

foundation, so that as holder of a scholarship for six years she was able to continue her studies in Philadelphia at the Curtis Institute of Music. Both violin and baton had always interested her, and on these she concentrated. Fritz Reiner, who has the reputation of being the best teacher in the art of conducting on this continent, had an apt pupil. Others under whom she studied were Carl Flesch, Artur Rodzinsky, Dr. Louis Bailly, and Lea Luboshutz, the head of the violin department.

After graduation Miss Stark remained two more years in the United States and Mexico, constantly busy, flitting from place to place: giving recitals, gaining experience, and sightseeing simultaneously. An event which she regards as one of the highlights of her career took place at this time. She received an invitation from Kreisler to introduce the Prokofieff Concerto to him in his New York home where there was a gathering of distinguished musicians.

Eighty Women Players

Besides having appeared as solo violinist with most of the well-known orchestras of Canada and the United States, Ethel Stark has conducted in a number of cities. Among these are Philadelphia, Detroit, and New York, where she was director of the Women's Little Symphony, an organization which she herself had founded. Of course her own special child is the Montreal Women's Symphony Orchestra.

This wonderful body of women has now been under her care more than eight years. It was in January 1940 that she came to Montreal to broadcast, and was pounced upon by two or three ladies who played stringed instruments in different small groups at each other's houses. They suggested that she take over the direction of their combined forces. But Miss Stark was firm. She would consider only a real symphony: with horns, clarinets, oboes, trombones, tubas and all the other instruments usually associated with men. The momentous question was settled within a few days, and the Montreal Women's Symphony Orchestra was born.

The rise of this organization is now a matter of history. Though composed almost entirely of amateurs, it was soon definitely established, numbered with the leading

Canadian orchestras, and drawing large crowds to hear every concert. Only a woman with courage, determination, great musical ability, and an endless amount of tact could accomplish such a feat. Perhaps the real secret of Miss Stark's success is the friendly attitude that pervades. This is probably also the basis of the orchestra's success at accompaniment. The best artists are attracted by the excellent way in which this is tackled. All seem to be of one mind.

Balance is one of the things to which Miss Stark pays the greatest attention. She handles her job of directing efficiently and energetically—with grace. Her ease is evident. The presence of this tall, dark woman on the podium is arresting. She has perfect confidence in her 80 players. At one concert she took the first solo role in the Bach Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins, conducting with the back of her head, so to speak. Everything went swimmingly.

While yet in New York Ethel Stark did broadcasting, completing 26 weeks of sonata recitals. Since then, her violin has been heard over the air hundreds of times from Montreal, but also from Philadelphia and Toronto. All violin music comes into her repertoire, including concertos and sonatas by Elgar, Prokofieff, Respighi, and Dvorak. She has played under such famous conductors as Artur Rodzinski, Fritz Reiner, Douglas Clarke, Boris Goldowsky, Wilfrid Pelletier, and Dr. von Kunitz.

Early in 1946 Miss Stark reached a coveted goal with the leadership of Sir Ernest Macmillan's Toronto Symphony. She became the first woman to conduct one of the major orchestras. The concert was broad-



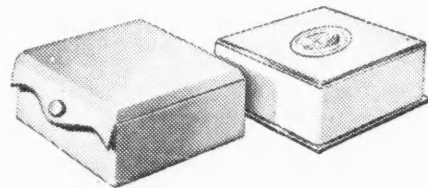
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cast over the C.B.C. trans-Canada network, and by short wave to the Canadian Army overseas. Critics gave their approval, describing her handling as "sympathetic but vigorous".

Heard in S.A.

Last year, for the International Short Wave Broadcasting, Ethel Stark gave a series of violin programs which were relayed to the United Kingdom, the Caribbean Islands, and South America. Several times during the summer months she conducted the C.B.C.'s orchestra; and under her leadership the Montreal Women's Symphony Orchestra, with John Newmark as pianist, broadcast the "Bell Sonata", by the well-known Montreal music critic H. P. Bell, to South America, over the C.B.C.'s international service.

Miss Stark declares that she has no favorite symphonies or composers, but acknowledges a special love for Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. To judge by her choice of music for her orchestra one would say that she is unafraid of either

the unusual or the modern, and is stumped by nothing.

Daily practice in her own studio, pupils, and many orchestral rehearsals in a special hall give Miss Stark little time for her hobbies. But she squeezes in reading, painting, and clay-modeling whenever possible. Horseback-riding is her pet outdoor sport. And, on the side, she collects old violins.

Up to date, Miss Stark's most daring venture was her appearance in Carnegie Hall last autumn with her own complete orchestra. History was made, and a considerable amount of attention was focussed on the Montreal musicians. The notoriously hard to please New York critics were unanimously lavish in their praise of this woman conductor's "technical ability, knowledge of her scores, commendable avoidance of extravagance, and clear direction". We feel that Canada was well represented, and are proud to know that it was a Canadian woman who carried off the honor of being the first conductor to take a symphony orchestra to the United States.

MUSIC

Canada's Unique Orchestra

By JOHN H. YOCOM

FOR two hours or so one night this week a slender, dark, young conductor in a long white dress directed 70 other women in long black dresses with white collars. In their first Toronto appearance the Montreal Women's Symphony Orchestra, unique on this continent, made Toronto listeners proudly conscious of a fine ensemble. Of course, their fame long ago preceded them: their concerts in Montreal had been top-flight musical events, the M.W.S.O. had been the first Canadian symphony to play in Carnegie Hall, and on that occasion last fall the New York critics (*Times*, *Tribune*, *New Yorker*, etc.) had written near-rave reviews. This week those notices were well substantiated.

Conductor Ethel Stark's skilful leadership and the orchestra's lively response were apparent right from the first bars of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" Overture to the final number. In each piece the director showed a musical sensitivity and imagination; players observed the elements of musical expression, such as amplitude of volume variation, color control, pitch security, and, best of all, a rhythmic freedom.

Bach's Prelude "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" was given a noble and powerfully sustained reading. Nor did Miss Stark shy away from sentiment and her eloquent string section cooperated fully in this respect in Brahms' Symphony No. 4. The *Allegro non troppo* was richly impregnated with sentiment of a clean-cut, non-cloying variety, and with sensitivity there was manifest beauty and order. In Lekeu's "Adagio for String Orchestra" the fiddles achieved a variety in color and tone,

melodic clarity and richness in the three solo passages. Perhaps it was a fancy of ours that this women's orchestra got more beauty and poetry out of Liszt's "Les Preludes" than a man's could.

Founded eight years ago by Mrs. H. B. Bowen, wife of a prominent C.P.R. executive and herself a member of the string section, the M.W.S.O. has rapidly grown into one of Canada's leading ensembles. But the responsibility for the group's success has been largely that of the Montreal-born conductor. Miss Stark's ideas and musicianship have made the organization a good symphony by any standards, aside from the all-woman uniqueness. Her own background of study and performance as a successful concert violinist has well qualified her for the role. She is a thoughtful, earnest, resourceful conductor who avoids errors in taste, who knows what she wants and then handsomely executes conducting that animates her well-disciplined players.

Miss Stark's theory that women can make good symphony players, either playing in orchestras mostly of men or in organizations of their own, or on any instrument from violin to tuba, seems to be borne out by the efficiency of the M.W.S.O. Furthermore, the orchestra is a fine example of cooperation with, and understanding of others. The members represent a cross-section of the community—French and English, all mixtures of religion, married (about 90 per cent of the membership) and single, housewives and business women. (For a profile story on Ethel Stark, see page 37.)

Commissioned Work

The Toronto Jewish Folk Choir's concert, with Toronto Symphony Orchestra accompaniment, was an impressive choral evening for a packed Massey Hall. The highlight was the premiere of the commissioned "A Letter from Pete" by Bernard Rogers, U.S. composer and teacher of composition at the Eastman School of Music. The composer was present to hear conductor Emil Gartner's interpretation and should have been well pleased. To the text of a poem from Whitman's "Leaves of Grass", about an army casualty notification arriving at an Ohio farm-house during the Civil War, the music had a tight, modern angularity. It was broadly and intensely dramatic in conception and while never attaining majesty had an impassioned eloquence at times both in choruses and solos. Perhaps the poem itself limited the music and kept it from attaining real heights of comprehensive feeling. Anyway Mr. Gartner gave it a vivid and penetrating reading and kept a unity with both the orchestra and choir through some pretty intricate passages.

Lois Marshall, brilliant young Toronto soprano (S.N., April 3), gave an expressive, power vocalism to the solos, neatly skipping the pitfall of bathos. Round tones and clarity of diction made tenor Adam Gaw's solo part in the work welcome interpolations.

The program opened with four choruses from Handel's "Judas Maccabeus." The choir showed precision in attacks and responsiveness to directions. While dynamics might have been a little more extended, without sacrificing beauty of tone, there was good tonal variety. However, we felt that the maximum choral efficiency was not quite attained in the all-out passages. With this experience a second night concert in the same hall might have produced a few more sonorities and told a different story. The second choral group with piano accompaniment (Fagel Gartner) was finely handled. It included a moving number from Chassidic literature and Schubert's "Miriam's Song of Triumph."

The Harvey Perrin Choir of 84



Jean MacLeod, contralto, will present a recital of Scottish-Hebridean songs, Royal Ontario Museum Theatre, Saturday, April 17, 8.30 p.m.

young women gave a concert in Eaton Auditorium last week. Their three-part program, in appropriate groupings and costumes, included arrangements of Bach, di Lasso, Stanford and Rossini, plantation songs, and a Latin-American rhapsody. The versatility of the choir, which is now one of Ontario's leading choral groups, was the most apparent element of the performance. But the audience soon became aware also of such things as tonal accuracy, expressional control, smooth ensemble and balance, and rhythmic deftness. Hearing the Harvey Perrin Choir sing would be a good object lesson for similar choral groups anywhere in the Dominion.

Gerald Bales, organist and choir-master at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, this week began there a series of three Twilight Organ Recitals from 5 to 6 p.m. on Tuesdays. Others will be on April 20 and 27. Each program will feature an assisting artist.

Erna Sack, phenomenal coloratura, is to be heard in Massey Hall on Monday, April 26. When Miss Sack was making recordings in London she sang for King George V who presented her with a diamond-studded cross in deep appreciation of her art.

Music Library

Norah Drewett de Kresz tells us of the excellent work being done in establishing the Central Music Library, one of the units of the new Queen's Hall to be built some day in London's (Eng.) Regent Park. Already the library of 17,000 volumes is open to the public in a building near the Garrick Theatre in Charing Cross Road. The books and music of Edwin Evans, a London musical journalist, as well as other great collections, can be found there, but the prime benefactor is a friend of Madame de Kresz, Mrs. Emanuel Moor (Winifred Christie) whose gift of £10,000 in memory of her husband—composer and pianist—started the good work. Recently the extensive Gerald Cooper library was left to the Central Music Library and increased its value immensely. Miss Christie advises Madame de Kresz that gifts, libraries and money gifts to the new venture are coming in all the time from all over the world and the Westminster City Council is to house and service it in the new building at the back of the National Gallery for five or six years. Canadian and U.S. visitors are invited.

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ABROAD

"Be It Never So Humble"

By MONA BARRY

I feel an attack coming on. I always know. Any fellow sufferers have my deep sympathy, but you needn't think that any of you is as bad as I am. You may have slight attacks now and again, but I am the worst. I am a lifelong martyr to my complaint. No—it isn't flat feet or varicose veins, or asthma, or even what an old lady, whom I used to visit in an embarrassed sort of way, ambiguously called "You Know What." My complaint is homesickness; want to make anything of it?

When I was a child I was sent from my home in England to live with relations in Scotland. My home in England was full of brothers and sisters, and had a shiny red nursery floor, and John Gilpin riding all over the wallpaper, (to which I shall always attribute my psychological inability to be in time for anything ever since). My bed had a comforting hollow in the middle, made by jumping, and the whole place smelt of daffodils and floor polish. I fretted for it, I pined; and I lived for the day when school holi-

days would bring me back for at least a visit.

At last I returned; all was as before. I slid on the floor, bounced on the bed, and was highly indulged by the whole family. I thought I could not be happier, but when night fell I began to remember my home in Scotland. I missed the row of carved Swiss bears on my mantelpiece, a picture of a little girl and a dog called "Wake Up. It's Christmas Morning", the smell of coffee in the dining room, and the bookshelf that was all my own; in fact once again I was homesick, and I have been homesick ever since.

Of course there were a few settled months here and there, between journeys North and South, when I enjoyed a comparative feeling of security; but these soon gave way to boarding school. Every single night of my life there I was homesick, and every single night of the holidays was just one nearer to being homesick again. Not until years afterwards, from the safe shelter of grown-up life, did it occur to me that possibly the historic buildings of my school might be considered impressive by those who liked that sort of thing, and that I should have been grateful for having been sent there. I was not grateful. I was homesick.

Greener Hills

After that it was obvious that I was cut out for a life in foreign parts. I have now been invariably homesick, often sea-sick, and occasionally air-sick practically all over the world. In Peking I slept in what had once been a Manchu prince's bed. It was full of lumps, and smelt most peculiar. I thought wistfully of the cool air and pine trees of the New Forest. In Bombay it was blazingly hot, and there were beetles in the cracks of the marble floors at the Taj Mahal Hotel. Things fell off the ceiling with a plop into your soup; I would rather have been by the sea at Eastbourne.

In Switzerland the steam heating was asphyxiating, tiny cakes cost a thousand pounds each (or thereabouts), and I couldn't sleep for thinking of the South Downs. In

Cologne I longed for Devonshire. In Japan I remembered Loch Lomond. In fact there was no pleasing the girl. On the other hand, attempts at bathing in August at Worthing, Sussex, produced pointed remarks about the superior charms of Mount Lavinia, Colombo. No one can say I am not broadminded.

You can guess what is coming; I have booked my passage home. I shall see what I have longed for—spring in England. The hawthorn hedges will be in bloom . . . there will be bluebells, and cowslips, and the cuckoo. At the same time, apart from my family and friends even, there are things I am afraid I am going to miss . . .

There is driving through Toronto at night, with the street lamps like chains of jewels against the sky . . . stopping at Sunnyside for hamburgers and honeydew . . . snow scenes at Christmas, and a lighted tree in the window of every house . . . parties . . . lectures . . . fires on the lake shore on summer evenings . . . great talk in lovely rooms . . . rumbling street cars . . . fat, colored magazines . . . other people's recipes for home-made pickles . . . overflowing stores . . . driving sixty miles

for Thanksgiving dinner in the country . . . a cheerful postman, followed on his rounds by a crowd of busy dogs, all convinced that they are being a great help. . . .

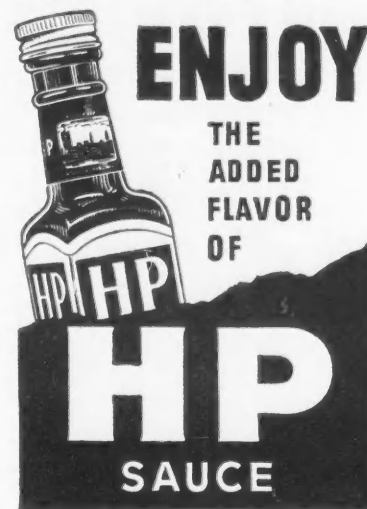
There I am already, at my home in England, sitting behind the silver teaset, and a plate or two of rather doubtful buns. Scattered about the room will be several nice women in lisle stockings (not that all my

friends are like that, but those are the ones I don't want to miss it). Their faces will be registering either eager anticipation, or glassy-eyed annoyance, according to how long I have been speaking. "Well . . ." I shall be saying, poisoning the teapot over their cooling cups, "I'll tell you . . . now, in my home in Canada . . ."

WRITTEN ON WATER

LOVE was light-hearted when we met
As a mountain spring
Sparkling gaily in the dawn,
A rapturous thing.
Love was a river at flood-time, before long,
A torrent storm-tossed
That raged and thundered into the dusk
And the world well lost.
The blithe rivulet, the tempestuous river
Are pleasant to recall
Now that love is a gentle, moonlit pool
And best of all!

MAY RICHSTONE



Emma Sack, whose coloratura voice has almost a violin's range, will appear at Massey Hall on April 26.

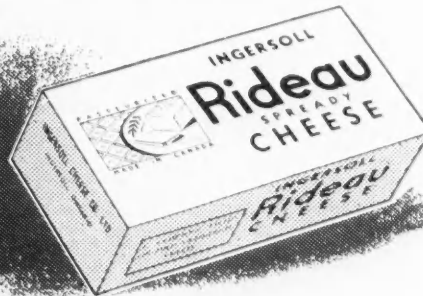
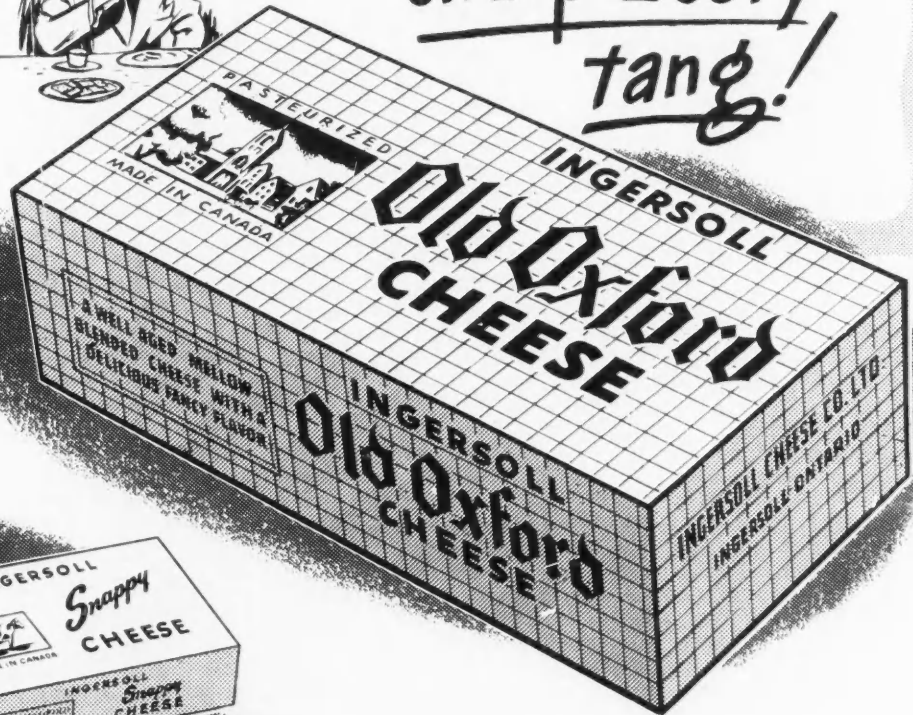


● Oriental Lowestoft, produced in China, was an item in the cargo of many an early 19th Century clipper ship. The rare old tea-pot illustrated above, popularly known as Chinese Export Ware, is made of fine porcelain exquisitely hand painted in blue. Photograph by courtesy of the Royal Ontario Museum.

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OTHER PAGE

Lorgneau the Big

By YVES THERIAULT

This is a translation by Arthur Mitchell of one of the short stories contained in the volume "Contes Pour Un Homme Seul," by Yves Theriault, who is one of the outstanding younger writers of French Canada.

A MOTIONLESS landscape. Then there was a fire-red spot on the grey of the road.

A fire-red spot that was a little child.

He could not walk well yet, but he walked.

He was there, and he walked with his uncertain step.

There was this bright spot, and a noise that came from yonder and grew louder.

Then I tried to cry: "Little one! Watch out, run to the ditch!"

The car arrived, with a woman at the wheel, and with arms raised to the sky above the hood, and a cry came that I knew to be that of the woman.

There was nothing to avert the accident but the woman's nervous reaction—and that reaction was not enough.

It would have needed the foot on the pedal of the brake, the turning of the wheel to the right, but the saving gestures did not come.

Instead of that, cries, waving arms, distraction.

And the car, not slowing, threw

the urchin up against the fence, on the other side of the ditch, without his ever hearing my cry.

A lump of battered flesh that had been human just a minute ago.

And the car did not stop until it was a hundred feet further on.

There was no motion for some seconds. No sign of life. Then the woman emerged slowly from the vehicle.

On her features was a pallor which resembled death, caused by the withdrawal of all blood from the whole face.

When she saw the corpse of the little one sunk in the grass, his life-blood spurting out on all the blades, she covered up her face.

And she said almost in a whisper: "I killed him."

THE road, deserted for so many hours, quickly became filled with people.

These of the neighborhood, and all the men who were working in the sunny mystery of the valleys and the rolling country, and who had heard the cries, and the crash, and the shriek of brakes applied as if to twist the vehicle, had run up to see what was happening.

They arose from nowhere and from everywhere.

Others went on coming when they noted the assemblage from afar.

There was Lorgneau especially—Lorgneau the Big—who towered above all of them by a whole head.

There was Daumier and Challu, and Le Boutillon, and Mother Druseau, and the girl triplets of Valois the shoemaker, and still others.

A half circle that drove the woman back to the vehicle.

They did nothing for the urchin. He was obviously dead, and what was there to do?

They said nothing either, and made no abrupt gestures.

But all remained standing, facing the woman, and looking at her in an incomprehensible way, a way of reproach and of murmuring hate.

She stirred a moment, and wrung her hands.

Nobody said anything.

The sun scorched the landscape.

Challu brought out his handkerchief, looked at the little one a second time, and at the woman also, then slowly wiped his neck.

The triplets showed a frank hatred in the curl of their mouths.

The woman no longer knew what to do. She stirred again, tried to speak, hesitated, then recovered her voice.

"We should . . ."

Lorgneau interrupted her with a gesture and slowly raised his cap.

"There's nothing anybody can do, he's dead, that's plain."

"I didn't see him!"

Le Boutillon sneered.

"Miles of straight road!"

The woman stiffened.

"But here there's a grove of trees, and it was in the shade. I was in the shade before I saw him."

"He was dressed in red."

Le Boutillon had said that without raising his voice.

They all continued to look at the woman in the way that riveted her to the ground.

"But we should make inquiries, we should get the police. How . . . ?"

Nobody spoke and nobody budged.

She tried to say: "He belongs to one of you, this little one? Who are its parents?"

Two or three peasants sneered, and Lorgneau measured her with his eye.

"It's bothering you now, is it? You should have thought of it before."

It was Mother Druseau who continued in a dull voice: "They are going to pick him up, then they are going to take him back to the hamlet. He must have a funeral and be buried."

Then the woman burst into sobs.

The little one was blond, and handsome, and that made it seem even more horrible, that little heap of dead flesh which was lying at the edge of the ditch.

"It's not my fault," she said. "I didn't see him."

Lorgneau moved a hand, and the woman jumped three paces back.

"Don't touch me! It's not my fault. I didn't see him!"

They all advanced a little, two feet perhaps, and she was seized with panic.

"I tell you that I didn't see him, and, besides, my car was out of order."

Lorgneau did not continue to stir, but he had a horrible flash in his good eye, the one on the left.

"Oh, yes! And what was wrong?"

The woman could not do anything but make a distracted gesture.

"I don't know. There, in the hood. I couldn't brake in time."

I saw Lorgneau's nape was reddening. His shoulders, wide as a bull's, grew higher as his rage increased. He hammered out his words between his teeth:

"You couldn't have made a honk, like any other motor, and tell the little one you were coming? You couldn't have done that, eh?"

The woman turned round towards the car, tried to raise the hood, but did not succeed.

She looked at Lorgneau.

"I tell you it's not my fault. Go and get the policeman. I'll prove to him that my car was out of order. I have the proof here in the hood. And, besides that, there's something else; yesterday, I had to have my klaxon removed to have it repaired. Go and get the policeman, I demand that the policeman be here!"

And I saw in her eyes the ideas that were in her mind: "The policeman here will be able to make the inquiries, and I shall be saved from these peasants who are becoming dangerous."

But Lorgneau walked to her, and pushed her aside.

He raised the hood of the engine. The sun had fallen a little, and the shadow of the big trees was longer—a dark tide that had submerged Mother Druseau, the woman and Daumier.

Lorgneau remained in the raw sunlight. An animal of a man with the torso of a gorilla.

A dark hole opened up in the bright paintwork of the car. A maw of shadow that was opened, exposing the engine. A maw that was full of klaxons.

They would have pardoned the imprudent woman but for . . .

Mother Druseau looked at the corpse of the little one, and murmured loud enough so that her voice could carry: "She deserves the same."

Lorgneau pinned the arms of the woman, who began to cry, suddenly knowing her fate.

Daumier found the rope, and Le Boutillon passed it over the branch of the tree.

Mother Druseau shouted abuse . . .

One of the triplets said in a stage whisper: "She had only not to kill the little one. She had only to watch out."

THE rope hung down from the overhanging branch. There was silence.

Lorgneau pulled. There was a horrible cry which ended in the death-rattle.

They had hanged her, who had killed the little one.

And Lorgneau, who had been the hangman, and who had the animal rage in his gestures and his attitude, Lorgneau crossed the road, picked up the little one in his consoling arms, and began to cry.

"I told your mother that she ought to tie you up. Why was it that you went on the road and got yourself killed? Why is it that I must endure such misfortunes . . . ?"

Then they went away, each at a slow gait, following Lorgneau who was carrying the little one in his great arms, and who stumbled because the tears filled his eyes.

JOAN RIGBY

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Sani-Flush

GET
TWO CANS
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OTHER PAGE

A Little Bit "Touched"

By JEAN CARTWRIGHT

LINA'S short fair curls stood up in little points. She burrowed her nose deeper in the soft pillow, then turned one sleepy blue eye on the alarm clock.

"Whee, nearly seven already!"

It was hard to leave the smooth sheets, the warm covers, but Lina swung her long legs out of bed and humming softly to herself, she ran the hot water in the bathroom. The feel of the towels, the joy of putting on whole, good underwear, and a clean cotton dress, filled her with sensuous enjoyment.

A little smile lifted the corners of Lina's lips as she started preparations for breakfast in the bright kitchen.

Housekeeping in this beautifully run home was not difficult. Only of the people, of her new employers, was Lina afraid. They were kind and thoughtful, but without a common language misunderstandings were bound to occur. Yesterday, for instance, when Mrs. Morse had given Lina the torn pyjama coat to use for cleaning.

Lina had smiled, and hurried for needle and thread. She was a good needlewoman and could easily mend the long jagged tear for Mrs. Morse. She wished that Mrs. Morse had suggested that she make a child's nightgown of the old jacket. Children's clothes were so desperately needed in Europe.

Edith Morse had grumbled to her husband that night.

"The girl looks intelligent, but in some ways she seems positively stupid. I gave her a rag for cleaning today, and she looked as though she didn't know what it was for. I had to rip it in two and soap it for her before she understood."

"Oh well," said Mr. Morse good-naturedly, "the girl has only been in this country a week, and without a word of the language I think she is doing remarkably well. Whatever language she cooks in sure suits me! Boy, what pastry!"

Edith laughed. "You and your food! You'd love any girl that could cook. But Lina is very thoughtful too—you know they told her I have been very ill and that she would have to take a lot of responsibility here. She tries to prevent me doing any hard work at all. You should have seen her face when she first saw the piano, Dick. I told her she could use it of course. She nearly hugged me, she was grateful."

SMILING REBUKE

SUNNY, the day, but bleak.
A wild wind blows.
Incarnadines the cheek,
Likewise the nose
Of a smart lady hopped in Hudson seal

Conversing in the bus
(Across the aisle from us.)

"Climate is what you feel"
(She says). "I know
That the thermometer
Is not as low
As in Kamchatka or in Baffin
Land,
But the darn wind I simply can not
stand.
It blows right through my fur."

Said her companion, placid, lightly
coated
In Harris tweed
(The protest noted):
"You ought to learn to ski
Like Bob and me.
That's what you need.
Indeed,
One Sunday on the hills,
A sharp wind blowing,
Keeps us so fresh and glowing
That we forget our ills
The whole week long."

"And, after all,
When the snows fall
A few, faint, temporary chills
Can be endured.
For us, the weather used to stir
complaint.
But, as you know,
We were in England just a year ago.
And now we're cured."

J. E. M.

OF RED HERRINGS

TWEEDLEDREW and Tweedle-
howe
Agreed to do some wrangling:
They concentrated on their row
And left improvements dangling.

Tweedlehowe and Tweedledrew—
How brave and daring each is!
(Their weapons being, it is true,
Predominantly speeches.)

Tweedledrew and Tweedlehowe,
The whole Dominion rousing
With plank and promise, view and
vow—
But where's one plank of housing?

"Oh, I meant to tell you, Ede, Joe Bond and his wife were passing here last night when we were at the movie. Joe said there was music for angels coming out of our place. They stood and listened for several minutes. Joe says that he and Ellen would take Lina down to the music club for the next concert if we have no objection."

"Of course we've no objection! If Lina understands the language of music she'll soon make friends, and she is already picking up English words and phrases."

At dinner the following evening instead of a smiling Lina, Dick found he was being served by Edith, an Edith quite unlike herself, looking pale and tense.

"Where's Lina?" he asked, putting down his glass.

"Where's Lina! You may well ask! If you want to know she is lying on her bed crying her eyes out, and for nothing, nothing at all."

Edith's hand trembled as she put down the plates. She looked dangerously near tears herself.

"What happened dear?" Dick's voice was full of concern. "You look all worn out. You sit down and I'll serve the rest of the dinner."

"Well, Lina was stirring her soup at the stove and I was at the table cutting sandwiches. You know I promised to make a couple of long

loaves for the church tea. I was teaching Lina the names for bread and knife, table, and things like that.

"When I finished the sandwiches I put the crusts in a big paper bag and dropped them in the garbage pail."

"I looked up and found Lina was staring at me as though she had seen a ghost. Then she turned bright red, flung herself down on her knees beside the can, grabbed out the package of bread, then unwrapped the chop bones left from dinner, the rest of that old stale cake I had to throw out. All that mess on the kitchen floor before I could stop her. Her eyes were simply blazing and she called me some awful word that sounded like swine, and then she rushed upstairs to the bathroom. I could hear her being terribly sick."

"I was too mad to go up at once, but later, when I passed her door, I could hear her sobbing her heart out. "Oh Dick, do you think Lina is a bit 'touched', out of her mind perhaps, from her awful experiences in that internment camp?"

Dick's voice was gentle.
"Didn't you say she looked as though she'd seen a ghost? Could be, Ede dear, Lina saw a million ghosts. I'm afraid it could even be that it is we, not Lina, who are a little bit 'touched'."



Dark Halo

Sheer mohair . . . sifts the afternoon
sun on to your face, throwing shadowy petals
on your shoulders. Misty mohair . . . tucks a pink
Milan face-framer underneath
its brim. Typical of the transparent
trends in Summer millinery at **EATON'S**

Should Ottawa Reduce Our Taxes Or Pay Off Our Public Debt?

By HART BUCK

The Dominion government faces a debt of nineteen months' national income, and a surplus of perhaps one month's national income. Is this the result of genuine public economies? How was the surplus used? What is happening to the national debt? How should we finance our credits to the Old World?

Is another surplus likely or desirable? Can we—and should we—expect our taxes to be reduced in next month's Budget? How good would our credit be, in another war or another depression? Mr. Buck, whose article on Cheap Money (S.N., March 6, 1948) aroused the interest of readers across Canada, suggests answers to these questions.

"I want a signifying glass," allegedly said Dr. Spooner in an optician's shop in Oxford. "What sort of glass, Sir?" "Oh, just an ordinary signifying glass." "I'm afraid we don't stock them; shall I send to London for one?" "Oh, it doesn't magnify," said Dr. Spooner, "it doesn't magnify."

If the Dominion government's finances are looked at through a signifying glass, the verdict must surely be, "Well and good." In the fiscal twelvemonth that has just ended, the government of Canada—like the British, American, and Ontario governments—has been running what will doubtless prove to be an unprecedentedly great surplus. Not until the Budget is brought down in May will its size be publicly known, but guesses of \$800 millions or so are current. In the 1946-47 fiscal year, there was a surplus of \$374 millions. Over the eighty-one fiscal periods of the Dominion's existence, there have been only seventeen surpluses—in the

years ending in 1871, 1882, 1900, 1903 and 1904, 1907, 1912 and 1913, 1924 to 1930, 1947 and now 1948.

In the remaining sixty-four years, Canada has piled up a debt of more than \$15 billions, against assets consisting mostly of two victories in war, and one recovery from depression. At present we appear to have time to begin retiring this debt, and replacing it with assets which will be better reflected in productivity and earning power for Canadians. Should we, moreover, face a third effort to defend and sustain our liberties, the cushion which the successful retirement of this debt would provide would be invaluable.

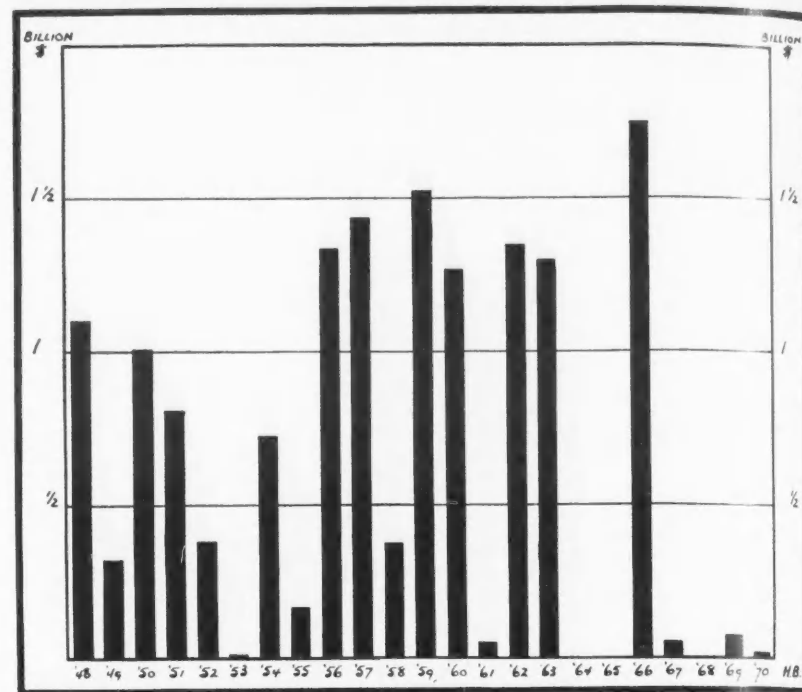
An Over-All Surplus?

Our surplus is an "over-all surplus": account being taken, not only of ordinary expenditure, but also of war and demobilization, of capital, and of "special" expenditure (such as relief), and of deficits of govern-

ment subsidiaries, and of write-downs of government assets; and not only of ordinary revenue, but also of "special receipts," mainly refunds of past expenditures. Government money invested in "active assets," however, being regarded as saved and not spent, is considered as a deduction not from the over-all surplus but instead from "net debt." But excluded from the over-all surplus on the Dominion's books are increases in such separate government funds as the Unemployment Insurance Fund (if this were not treated as a separate fund, the present surplus might reach \$900 instead of \$800 millions) and in the assets of government subsidiaries generally.

Only for the ten months, April 1947 to January 1948, are statistics of revenue and expenditure available; for this period there was a surplus of \$741 millions, as against \$354 millions from April 1946 to January 1947. The more recent figure does appear through the signifying glass to be the result of revenues maintained and expenditures reduced, but the signifying glass doesn't magnify. For example, income-tax revenues have fallen, as a result of last July's reductions, though there has doubtless been more income; and war-asset sales, which were responsible for half of the 1946-47 surplus, have naturally declined; yet indirect levies have risen sufficiently to keep total revenues at the \$2,300 million level, simply because more goods have been imported and consumed.

Figure I: Canada's Funded Debt by Maturity Dates: Billions



Comprises direct and indirect gross bonded debt, but excludes perpetuals, war-savings certificates, refundable taxes, and non-interest-bearing debt, complete to 15 April 1948. Total debt shown exceeds \$15 billions.

Expenditure meanwhile has decreased by \$400 millions. It is true that more than half (as J. A. Froude might have said) of this decrease has been in Veterans' Affairs and National Defence, departments in which, with demobilization now complete, expenditure could only have diminished in any case.

Of our ten-month surplus of \$741 millions, just over half has been invested in such "active assets" as our credits to Britain (\$263 millions) and to other countries (\$114 millions); and a further \$8 millions, on balance, has been loaned to Canadian veterans and enterprises. The remaining \$356 millions—apart of course from any increases in unemployment-insurance and government-subsidiary funds—has presumably been kept in liquid form, available for the reduction, not merely of "net debt," but indeed of outstanding indebtedness and even of gross debt.

3 Ways to Cancel Debt

Though in effect the government possesses three methods of reducing its outstanding indebtedness, through the signifying glass they look alike. The government may retire a bond, by paying it off at maturity or calling it in at an earlier date; it then ceases to exist on the books, or to figure in the total of gross debt. Or the government may repurchase the bond, simply by buying it from its holder in the open market; it then, though still on the books as part of the gross debt, becomes an obligation of the government to the govern-

ment. Finally, if the bond is held by a bank, the government may offset it, by depositing an equivalent cash sum in the bank; then the bank and the government owe equal amounts to each other, while the gross debt remains as it was. Undoubtedly, during the past fiscal year, the Dominion has, by these three methods combined, reduced its outstanding indebtedness. The facts, however, must await Budget Day; the details, indeed, may have to await the release of the Public Accounts, some time in the autumn.

How We Did It in 1947

For the calendar year 1947, on the other hand, more facts are available. The Dominion's gross funded debt, direct and indirect, shrank during that year from \$16,792 to \$16,172 millions; thus \$620 millions of gross debt vanished from the books. The Bank of Canada, in its recent annual report, defines "banking securities" as notes, deposit certificates, and the treasury bills, normally sold to the banking system; all other government securities it calls "bonds." Holding of "bonds" by the government and its subsidiaries (the Bank itself excepted, being part of the banking system) rose from \$903 to \$1,076 millions; thus an additional \$173 millions of gross debt was repurchased.

On the other hand, the government withdrew from its bank accounts \$5 millions; thus this quantity of debt, ceasing to be offset by deposits, vit-

(Continued on Page 37)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Neither Communism Nor Fascism

By P. M. RICHARDS

A WELL-KNOWN peculiarity of human behavior is that when some unwelcome doctrine or course of action is being pushed upon us, we tend to fly towards the opposite extreme. From moderates we become bigots. A lesser danger than the atom bomb but probably serious enough is that in fleeing from communism we shall move back towards nineteenth-century laissez-faire capitalism. That would doubtless be much better than totalitarian communism if only because we would still possess the means of correction in the ballot, but it wouldn't be right for us either.

In a world necessarily becoming increasingly collectivist, we have no use for that out-dated system, and it is important that we keep that fact in mind. Today both nations and groups within each nation are compelled by modern conditions to act collectively in matters of trade and defence and transportation and health; to neglect to do so is to fail in achievement and even to incur dangers of war or pestilence.

We can still be individualists, but in practising our individualism we shall have more community requirements and restrictions to observe than we once did. It will be democracy's greatest test. If we don't measure up to it, democracy will probably be lost for our time.

An Objective for All of Us

In this collectivist democratic world of the future, in which the government is the community's agent of regulation, a central objective of policy will be the preservation of economic freedom of enterprise and the profits system. This should be the aim of all political parties and economic groups, of labor as well as capital, because experience increasingly shows that only with the incentives provided by the profits system can there be abundance and progress. It's folly to say that only the owners of industry benefit by profit-making when the records show that the vast bulk of earnings go to pay wages and the cost of materials and new equipment which represent wages elsewhere, and when there would be no industry without the hope of profit, or at least no incentive to expand.

From now on (without taking into consideration the special needs of the moment for Europe) our productive system will have to produce more abundantly than ever before, if the hopes of labor for a higher standard of living with more economic security and leisure are to be fulfilled. Those hopes are entirely

legitimate and indeed socially constructive, but labor and every other group must realize they can only be achieved through advancement of the common good by large and sustained production. Issuing more claims on production in the form of increased wages does no one good if the production itself is lacking, as the workers of Britain are now discovering. The result of that can only be higher prices and the eventual enfeeblement of industry.

The fact is, of course, that labor itself, in the long run, has to provide the means of paying an increase in wages, by increasing its production. That may be achieved by harder work or the use of more efficient tools. The latter have to be furnished by the owners, but they will be willing if the profits outlook is satisfactory.

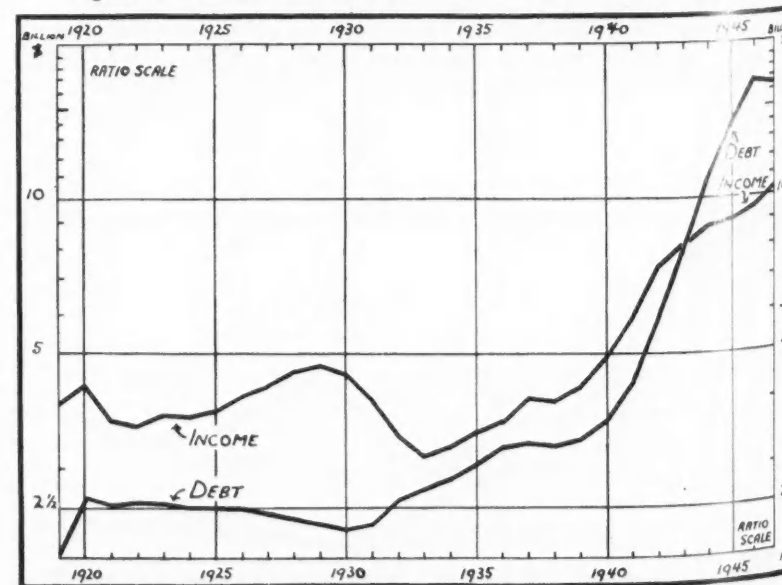
We Must Preserve Incentive

The truth is that the interests of labor and owners and management are as one. And all social and economic groups have, or should have, the same objective, which is to make our productive system operate as efficiently as possible under the necessarily collectivist conditions of today. Some government ownership we do not want, for that destroys incentive. Incentive is the mainspring of enterprise; the fatal flaw in socialism is its lack of it. Whatever we do, we must be careful not to destroy it. Canada's wealth—second only per capita to that of the United States—has grown not primarily because of government but because of the constant efforts of its people to improve their condition. The government itself knows this much better than the people do.

We do not want communism or a reversion to nineteenth-century capitalism, which might today be fascism. But we do want a capitalism that gives us real freedom of enterprise and the priceless boon of incentive. To believe in the superiority of capitalism over state socialism or communism, it is not necessary to deny that the capitalistic system can be improved. Obviously it can be; obviously it has been; the record of the last 100 years is evidence of that. The fruits of the system are being distributed ever more widely, and we are working towards a more stable economy.

All of us—labor and management and farmers and government—should work to preserve the system which is giving us so much, and to confound our ill-wisher in Moscow.

Figure II: Canada's National Debt and National Income: Billions



Gross direct funded debt as of 31 March in year shown, compared with "National Income Received" or "Personal Income" for calendar year. Here equal vertical distances represent equal percentage increases.

Only Action Will Show If I.T.O. Has Value

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The charter of the International Trade Organization has been completed and must now be ratified by the participating governments. Despite the number of escape clauses which had to be added, the agreement should at least form the basis for freer trading between the nations, says Mr. Marston.

Ratification will probably take more than a year and only actual practice will show whether an organization planned at Bretton Woods, when the extreme complexity of postwar problems was not fully apparent, can achieve all that has been hoped of it.

London.

IT TOOK seven months to hammer out in Geneva the draft charter of the International Trade Organization, although a preliminary conference had already been held previously in London.

The five months spent in Havana preparing the Final Act was a somewhat briefer time, but there were periods even there when the obstacles seemed insuperable and the task in-terminable. Now the Final Act has to be ratified by the participating governments, and some tough battles in the separate localities are evidently ahead.

The struggling delegations may look, perhaps, a little ruefully at the sparse publicity accorded to their efforts. It is doubtful if any international conferences with such grandiose objectives have attracted less attention.

However, it was no mean achievement to work out an Act acceptable to 54 of the 57 nations' representatives, even though the cynics have said that agreement was made possible only by the introduction of so many escape clauses as to nullify the

very principles for which I.T.O. stands.

It must be admitted that the result of all this bargaining does not look much like a blueprint for unrestricted trade. A lowering of tariffs, in general, is envisaged, but no one seems to be committed to the drastic sacrifices which would be necessary to allow trade to flow freely in its natural economic channels.

It is intended that discriminatory import quotas shall be gradually eliminated by negotiation; it remains to be seen how the negotiators fare when they actually get down to the controversial task. The principle of Imperial Preference so dear (though in varying degrees) to the countries of the British Commonwealth is for the present preserved. The right of industrially developing countries to nurture their young industries is recognized.

It would have been impossible to reach agreement at all by strict adherence to the original idea of free trade, and it is obviously better to have formed some organization which tends towards free trade than to have tacitly accepted restrictions as inevitable, even though in fact they are inevitable at present.

Many Escape Clauses

On the general commercial, as distinct from the national, plane there was a fair measure of agreement; however, it cannot be said that resolutions against monopolies and cartels, suppression of technical information and so on, carry the same weight as measures against national trade barriers.

The 57 nations did advance from the time, mid-way through the Havana talks, when it was being said that the charter had 55 escape clauses for its 5 articles. The final 100 articles are, indeed, punctured with such clauses, but they can still be

made to mean something. The test, however, comes when the nations proceed from the fine rhetoric which heralded the birth of I.T.O. to the actions which must make it effective.

Presumably more than another year must elapse before the charter is even ratified, for the United States government is the dominant body in this scheme, and the new legislation required will probably be delayed by the November elections until, say, the middle of 1949. Even when ratified the charter can still be quite easily evaded by any nation which no longer finds it convenient to observe its spirit.

A disconcerting number of statements have already been made by the nations' representatives to the effect that their governments will feel obliged to take advantage of the escape clauses which relate to their particular problems. This is not a good augury.

Discrimination Permitted

For instance, the definition of an "under-developed economic region" is so loose that protection may be justified in seemingly unlikely places on the pretext of fostering development. Britain has made it clear that she intends to maintain the economic unity of the Commonwealth by the

discrimination which one of the major escape clauses permits.

Imperial Preference is the outstanding example of the problems confronting nations which attempt to plan for a "normal" future in abnormal times. The balance of payments position of the British Commonwealth is critical, and, while it will be temporarily eased, it will not be fundamentally affected by Marshall aid. Therefore, "discrimination" is necessary to promote development within the Commonwealth, so that it will in due course be less reliant on outside resources. So much the I.T.O. charter recognizes.

But development on a scale sufficient to be of serious use is a long-term task, and if permission to discriminate is granted only as a temporary palliative where is the basis for long-term capital expenditure? In its perspective, an "interim period" of adjustment may be three or four years, as U.S. plans have always assumed, or something like a decade if one thinks in terms of economic groupings and permanent industrial development.

The truth is that I.T.O. was conceived in the different psychological setting of Bretton Woods, where the inordinately complex problems of the postwar world were naturally not fully understood. Manfully, the par-

ticipating nations have hammered out a charter for world trade which U.S. delegate, Mr. Clayton, saw fit to describe as "the greatest step in history towards a great expansion in the production, distribution and consumption of goods in the world."

But it is difficult to shake off the feeling of skepticism that a fine idea may die in infancy because it was born at the wrong time.



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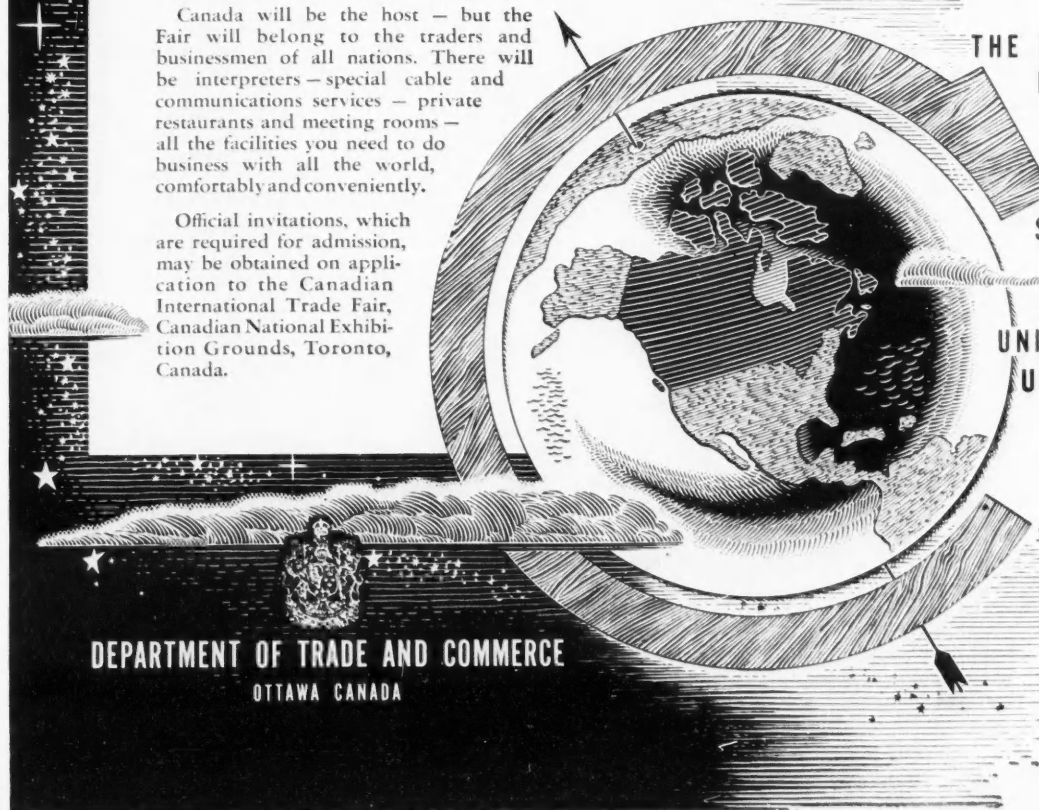
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CROWN TRUST COMPANY APPOINTMENTS



R. S. ANDERSON

Mr. Arthur E. White, President, Crown Trust Company, announces the appointment of Reginald S. Anderson and Ernest T. Godwin as Assistant General Managers. Mr. Anderson has been with the Company since 1907, having been appointed Treasurer in 1928 and Manager of Toronto Branch in 1939.

Mr. Godwin, who now joins the Company, is a graduate of University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall, and was called to the Bar in 1930. Since that time, he has specialized in Trust work having been associated with The Toronto General Trusts Corporation for the last twelve years.



E. T. GODWIN

NEWS OF THE MINES

Noranda's 1947 Report Highlights the Achievements of 25 Years

By JOHN M. GRANT

HISTORY was made in northwestern Quebec on December 17, 1927, in the early hours before the cold winter dawn, when the first copper was produced by the Noranda Mine. Originally accepted as a copper property it was not long before it became recognized also as a great gold mine. Today, not only has Noranda Mines grown from a mining venture to be one of Canada's largest producers of both gold and copper, but also one of the Dominion's outstanding mining industrial organizations, in fact, "a ranking Canadian corporation". It is fitting then that the annual report for 1947 should be something different in that it celebrates a quarter century of achievement, and with color illustrations graphically portrays a number of the phases of the company's widespread activities.

That the policy of Noranda has been an enterprising and aggressive one is apparent when its present magnitude is realized and the building of this vast undertaking has all been under the presidency of James Y. Murdoch, which has been continuous since the company was organized in 1922 on a prospect property staked by Ed. Horne. To the end of 1947, 1,765,063.321 pounds of new copper and 4,946.787 ounces of gold had been produced.

while over \$118,000,000 had been paid in dividends to shareholders. Numberless communities of the Dominion have also benefitted from the company's operations in the winning of new wealth; successive Canadian governments have secured large tax payments. Canadian industry has profited through the buying of capital and consumable goods and services, and Canadian labor by direct and indirect employment. In 1947 alone, President Murdoch points out, Noranda and its Canadian subsidiaries paid \$12,420,000 for operating supplies and equipment, disbursed \$1,158,000 for freight and transportation and \$1,012,000 for hydro-electric power, approximately 96% of which was expended in Canada. Some 1,200 firms shared in these expenditures and 140 Canadian cities and towns were provided with employment.

Net earnings of Noranda Mines in 1947 increased to \$3 per share, as compared with \$2.81 in the preceding 12 months, despite the labor strike which continued until February and prevented the concentrator operating until April 10. While tonnage treated from the Horne mine was under that of recent years, the recovery of copper was substantially higher, but gold production was down 44% from 1946. Al-

though the labor shortage prevented the carrying out of any exploratory drifting at the deeper horizons, a fair amount of additional ore was located above the 2,975-foot horizon, and ore reserves at the end of the year of 20,118,125 tons compared with 20,490,000 tons a year previous. Income from

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NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½¢ per share has been declared on the outstanding Class A shares of this Company payable June 1, 1948 to shareholders of record at the close of business on May 1, 1948.

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 17½¢ per share has been declared on the outstanding Class B shares of this Company payable June 1, 1948 to shareholders of record at the close of business on May 1, 1948.

By Order of the Board
R. BURNS LIND
Secretary-Treasurer
and General Manager
Newmarket, Ontario,
April 9, 1948.

The Stock Analyst

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Analyst—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question. An Investment Formula provides a definite plan for the second.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK ANALYST divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

A stock rated as Favorable has considerably more attraction than one with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks rated Favorable, with due regard to timing because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

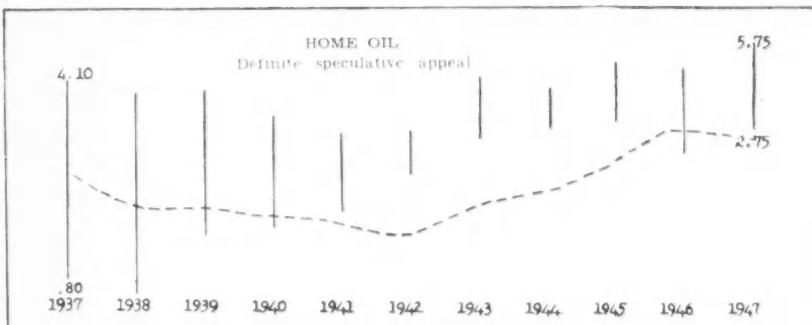
The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

1. FAVORABLE
2. AVERAGE or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

HOME OIL COMPANY LIMITED

PRICE 31 Mar. 48	\$6.15	Averages	Home Oil
YIELD	4.0%	Last 1 month Up	4.5% Up
INVESTMENT INDEX	140	Last 12 months Down	6.1% Up
GROUP	"C"	1942-46 range Up	160.0% Up
RATING	Above Average	1946-48 range Down	28.2% Down



SUMMARY:—The comparative figures of Home Oil, shown above, do not give a very true picture because the overall movement during the past two years has been up, while the averages have declined. The chart, by years, shows the movements of this stock in true proportions.

The development of our Canadian oil resources is becoming a matter of considerable urgency in our national economy. Fortunately, the new Leduc field, now about one year old, appears to have major possibilities. Many of the large companies are interested in this development but there is little speculative appeal in many of such shares. On the other hand it is quite possible there will be a number of public offerings in order that wild cat wells may be drilled.

Between these two is Home Oil, one of the earlier companies in the Alberta field. It has been successful over a long period of time and has paid out a considerable sum in dividends. The shares are speculative but attractive and appear to be well worth holding; in fact there is reason to think that they might some day be quite valuable. (It is regretted that our original analysis and recommendation, when the stock was considerably lower, was not made available to readers owing to non-publication of Saturday Night, on that date.)

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BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Bull Market in Doubt

BY HARUSPEX

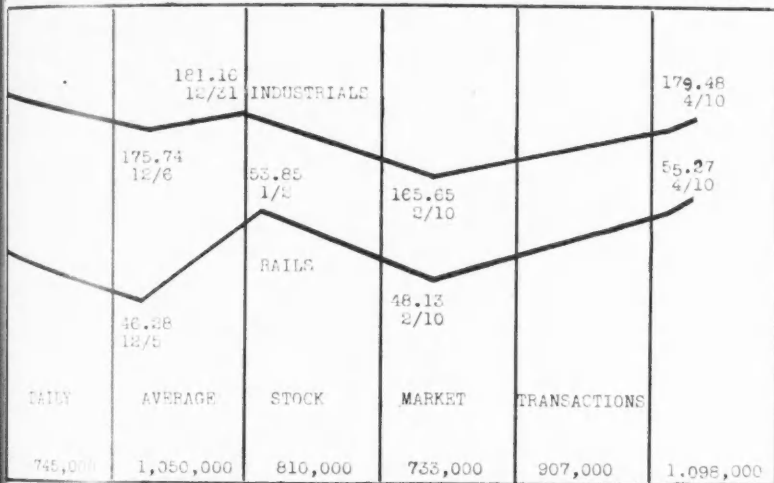
THE LONG-TERM N.Y. AND CANADIAN MARKET TREND: While the decline of 1946-7 went some distance toward discounting maladjustments in the economic picture, evidence is lacking that a point of fundamental market turnabout has yet been reached. The intermediate trend of the market has also been downward from July 1947 on the industrial average, January 1948 on the rail average, with evidence lacking that reversal has yet taken place.

Following the 1946 break, there have been various rallies in the N.Y. stock market. The peak points of these rallies, prior to the current one, were at 186.85 on the industrial average and 53.85 on the rail average. Last week the Dow-Jones railroad average worked decisively (that is, by 1.01 points or more) above 53.85. Should the industrial average now close at or above 187.86, it, too, will have registered a decisive penetration. Under such circumstances, a major change in trend will have been confirmed, from the technical approach, and eventually higher prices would be in order.

On two previous occasions in the past ten months (July and October last), the two averages, as at present, have come close to their upside penetration points, but jointly failed of such penetration. In each case we forecast failure as likely. We are again of such opinion, even though we look for the turn upward as probable in 1948 and thus feel that the odds of the turn having arrived are at least better than they were in 1947. Our reason for doubting a bull market here and thus for assuming, instead, that we are now at or near the peak of a technical rally is the continuing presence of business and political uncertainty and the absence, since 1946, of certain technical developments usually designating a market bottom. If the industrial average, however, signals a major trend, as discussed in the preceding paragraph, we believe the market's verdict should be accepted, and, under such conditions, shall advise gradual increase in stock holdings.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES

NOV. DEC. JAN. FEB. MAR. APRIL



investments was higher and net working capital of \$16,842,527 compared with \$16,623,248 at the close of 1946.

In dealing with some of its principal subsidiaries the Noranda Mines 1947 report states that while copper production of Canadian Copper Refineries was only 79% of capacity, plans

are being prepared for expansion to be completed within a year. Canada Wire & Cable is doing very well and bookings of orders indicate a considerable period of full production. Noranda Copper and Brass is now in substantial production and its products are being well received both in Canada and abroad. The best performance of the affiliated gold companies was that of Compania Minera La India net profit being \$324,000 as against \$194,000 the preceding year. A loss was suffered by Canada China Clay and Silica, Ltd. During the past year exploration by the company was quite widespread, parties being maintained in Gaspé, Western Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and the Yukon. An extensive organization was maintained in the Lynn Lake nickel area in Northern Manitoba and 140 claims were staked. Prospecting in an old area near Whitehorse, Yukon, has indicated fairly extensive mineralized areas showing low-grade copper, and it is expected prospecting will be continued during the current year.

Shares of Gulf Lead Mines have been listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange and were called for trading April 5. The company owns a lead-zinc prospect of 10 claims on Richmond Gulf, and 25 claims south of Little Whale River, on the east shore of Hudson Bay, also holds an exploration permit from the Quebec Government covering 252 square miles on the east coast of Hudson Bay near the original properties. A gang of 20 men were recently flown to the property and a large program of exploration is planned on the lead showings which have been uncovered. The men flown in will provide crews for two of the diamond drills and six teams of prospectors. A small crew was left on the ground during the winter to prepare permanent camps and spot the diamond drills. By next July, it is planned to have a third drill in operation. A fair amount of prospecting was completed last year, but the diamond drilling program hardly more than got started. Drilling operations

this season will comprise 30,000 feet and this should disclose whether or not the showings have economic possibilities. The company has adequate finances for the proposed exploration.

Discovery Yellowknife Mines expects to be in production at an initial rate of 100-150 tons daily by May 1st, 1949. A mill has been purchased and also a diesel-electric power unit which will operate the mill and crushing plant. The development program is progressing favorably and by the time the mill is ready to operate it is proposed to have the shaft deepened and one or more additional levels opened up. To the middle of March, ore developed in the north zone on the 125 and 250-foot levels was estimated at 45,000 tons averaging \$28 per ton and in the west zone was calculated at 30,000 tons averaging \$13 per ton. The purchase of the mill was made through the American financial interests who recently participated in financing the company. The mill had been operated on a base metal ore in Montana and was acquired for the payment of 100,000 shares of treasury stock.

Directors of Macassa Mines hope to resume dividends this year, shareholders were informed at the annual meeting by R. A. Bryce, president. Renabie Mines, in which Macassa has a 76% stock interest and \$450,000 of bonds as well as other loans, is now making a profit and is no longer a drain on the parent company. At the Macassa property satisfactory results have been obtained on the lower levels in the last six months. Macassa officials are pleased with results on the Braminco property in Missinabi in which Mining Corporation and Bralorne are partners.

Company Reports

American Automobile

AMERICAN Automobile Insurance Company reports an increase in assets for the year 1947 of \$6,979,062 over those for the previous year. This now brings this company's total assets to \$53,921,202. An increase in surplus of \$2,517,369 shows the total for 1947 at \$16,096,827 as against \$13,579,458 for 1946. Sharply increased also is the amount on deposit with the Dominion government for the protection of Canadian policyholders which now stands at \$1,055,000 as against \$710,000 the year before. The company operates in Canada under the management of Shaw & Begg, Ltd., Toronto.

Commercial Life

SINCE it moved its head office to Toronto, the Commercial Life Assurance Company of Canada has stepped

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ped up its rate of growth in business and financial strength. Five years ago its business in force amounted to a little over \$12,000,000, while at the end of 1947 the total was \$20,502,752 and is now over \$22,000,000, compared with \$19,032,661 at the end of 1946. During the past year its assets increased from \$4,132,963 to \$4,404,572. 47.67 per cent of the assets are invested in Dominion of Canada bonds, and the market value of the company's securities is \$116,314 in excess of the book value. Payments to policyholders and beneficiaries in 1947

amounted to \$295,872, compared with \$265,759 in the previous year. Premium income was \$611,934, compared with \$592,189 in 1946, while the total income was \$839,515, compared with \$820,019 in the previous year. Interest income increased from \$140,447 to \$142,524, while policy and annuity and bond reserves increased from \$3,071,234 to \$3,386,534. The amount available for the further protection of policyholders over the actuarial reserves was \$522,380 at the end of the year, compared with \$502,345 at the end of 1946.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

When Life Policies First Were Issued by Corporate Bodies

By GEORGE GILBERT

Taking a look at the size and strength of the life insurance structure of today, it is rather difficult to realize that this gigantic institution, with its billions of assets and many millions of policyholders, has been built up from very small beginnings.

WHILE private underwriters in England as early as the 16th century entered into contracts contingent on the duration of human life, it was not until 1706 that "The Amicable Society for a Perpetual Assurance Office" was incorporated by royal charter. The Bishop of Oxford, Sir Thomas Allen, and some other gentlemen were the applicants for the charter which gave them the power to purchase lands, the ability to sue and be sued in their corporate capacity, and a common seal for the more easy and expeditious management of the affairs of the company.

In those days the Amicable charged an entry fee of £3 15s. in addition to the first annual premium of £5 per £100, and middle-aged and old lives were frequently rejected even on these terms. One authority, endeavoring to discover the circumstances which led to the fixing of the premiums at 5 per cent, came to the conclusion that it probably arose from the fact that the annual number of deaths in London was nearly one in twenty of the population. The annual premium of £5 per £100 was the same on any life between the

ages of twelve and forty-five, though it must soon have occurred to any one who wished to take advantage of such a transaction that the chance of a person aged twenty dying within any given period could not have been as great as that of a person of forty dying within the same period.

Rated-up Risks

In addition to this premium, extra rates were charged for "youth hazard," "female hazard" and "occupation hazard," while "officers on half-pay" and persons "licensed to sell beer" were charged 11 per cent extra. The Amicable was at that time the only concern selling life insurance which made any return of profits to the insured, and the return it made was without much regard to equity.

It is also to be noted that the Amicable had no authority to apply any portion of such profits for the benefit of the insured during his lifetime. It was no wonder that life insurance was slow in becoming popular. It was evident that the Amicable was originally founded on principles of mutual benevolence rather than mutual insurance as now understood. In 1707 or 1708 the Amicable successfully opposed the granting of a charter to another group for the insurance of lives.

In 1720 the London Assurance and the Royal Exchange Assurance were incorporated by royal charter, and they were the first companies which issued life policies for fixed sums payable at death. The London Assurance issued its first life policy on June 7, 1721. While the business in the fire and marine departments of these two companies was considerable, their life business was small. When forty years later, the promoters of the "Society for Equitable Assurance on Lives and Survivorships" applied for a charter, the Royal Exchange opposed them on the ground that they had small prospect of success, stating that the Royal Exchange had only received for life assurance premiums in the period named, forty years, the sum of £10,915 2s. 2d.

Slow Growth

According to one authority, there is no ground for assuming that the life business of the London Assurance was more extensive, because although there were at this period several associations actively engaged in the granting of insurances of survivorship annuities for widows and of deferred annuities for old age, there is no doubt that the insurance of a sum payable at death was a contract very rarely entered upon either by the commercial or other classes of the community.

Life insurance at this period of its history was making very little progress. The rates of premium charged were regarded as exorbitant, and the concerns engaged in the business could not show that they had adopted any more reliable statistics for their guidance than their predecessors. The only company which expressly laid itself out for the business, the Amicable, was so crippled by its constitution or the provisions of its charter as to be unable to grant the kind of policies which were then beginning to be most sought after.

In fact, the Amicable was not empowered to issue policies at rates of premium graduated according to age until Oct. 30, 1807, and it was not until May 8, 1845 that it was authorized to grant insurances for fixed sums. Accordingly when Thomas Simpson, a self-taught mathematician and astrologer, who had raised himself to considerable literary fame by his writings, delivered a course of lectures in London in which he announced the possibility of constructing a table of life insurance premiums graduated according to the age of the insured, it attracted

considerable public attention.

And when the suggestions of Simpson had been investigated and a graduated table of premiums actually computed by Mr. James Dodson, on the plan laid down by Dr. Halley, the Astronomer Royal, the time had arrived for the establishment of a life insurance company which would more completely meet the requirements of the times than any that had preceded it, and so the company known as the "Old Equitable" came into existence.

"Old Equitable"

As the founders were naturally anxious that the Equitable should enjoy the same legislative privileges as its predecessors, they applied to Parliament for a royal charter. The granting of the charter was opposed by the Royal Exchange, the London Assurance and the Amicable Society, and the petition for a charter was dismissed. But the promoters were not dismayed, as they believed the scheme to be practicable and resolved to carry it out. Starting upon the mutual principle, they were better prepared to dispense with Parliamentary powers than companies requiring large paid up capital.

They drew up the constitution of the Equitable Society in the form of a Deed of Settlement, and four years later, in 1765, this Deed was duly enrolled in the Court of King's Bench. But the time which had elapsed had not been misspent. The rates and

other features of the Society had been reconsidered and in many instances improved upon. In some cases a considerable reduction had been made, but in each case there was a proviso against hazardous occupations, and for each girl or woman under fifty an extra premium was to be charged.

It has often been said that the history of the "Old Equitable", as the Society is affectionately called, is the history of life insurance in England, the birthplace of sound life insurance, from which it has spread throughout the world, having its greatest growth and development on this continent. The first corporation to be established in the United States for the transaction of life insurance was the Presbyterian Ministers' Fund of Philadelphia, Pa.,

which was incorporated and commenced business in 1759, and is still going steadily ahead on a sound actuarial basis, while the first company to be established in Canada was the Canada Life of Toronto, which was organized and commenced business in 1847 and incorporated in 1849 by Act of the Legislature of the late Province of Upper Canada, and which is still going ahead stronger than ever.

NOTICE

is hereby given that the UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY has received from the Department of Insurance, Ontario, Certificate of Registry No. C1125, authorizing it to transact in Canada the business PERSONAL ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS INSURANCE in addition to Life Insurance for which it is already registered.

W. M. ANDERSON, Chief Agent

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Yes, these six early settlers knew they were evenly divided in opinion ... that three would vote for one candidate Dr. William Dunlop, The Canada Company's man ... and three would vote for the other candidate, Col. Anthony Van Egmond. Yet they made the gruelling march to Goderich, Ontario, there to cast their ballots in the 1835 election of The Upper Canada Legislative Assembly. Not one of the six said "There's no use my going—my vote will be killed."

When YOU cast your secret ballot at every election—municipal, provincial, federal—you exercise a duty and privilege planned, worked and fought for by your forefathers. Your vote protects the future of your children. To fail in this duty is to be less than a good citizen.

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Waterfront of the Town of York (now Toronto) in 1832
Gooderham & Worts Mill in foreground.

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CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

Should Ottawa Reduce Taxes

(Continued from Page 42)

usually became outstanding once more. On balance, therefore, at least \$698 millions of indebtedness ceased to be outstanding. The phrase "at least" is used, because the total of "banking securities" held outside the banking system increased by \$319 millions, and some part of this may have been repurchased.

Meantime, out of the Dominion's 1947 surplus of some \$750 millions—again ignoring subsidiary funds—about \$560 millions is said to have been lent to overseas governments, leaving only \$190 millions free for debt reduction. But, in addition, an approximate \$670 millions, advanced in former times to the Foreign Exchange Control Board out of funds borrowed from the public, were repaid to the government and thus also became available to pay back to the public. Altogether, \$1 billion, more or less, was repaid to the public in 1947, and so made available for investment in private enterprise.

Still on the Beam

Since the New Year, reduction of indebtedness has continued. The low-interest Second and Sixth Victory Loans, a slice of the Second War Loans, and certain C.N.R. issues, totalling \$605 millions, have been retired. On the other hand, the Dominion has borrowed from the banking system, not only \$325 millions by way of two-year notes, but \$100 millions through Deposit Certificates, an invention of wartime financing which it evidently considered too cheap not to revive. Nor must the Dominion's two drawings of American funds from the Export-Import Bank loan, of \$50 and \$30 millions, be ignored in this picture. Finally, the C.N.R. has raised \$28 millions through Equipment Trust Certificates, which, though not formally guaranteed by the Dominion government, may fairly be classed among its indirect liabilities. Thus, on balance, Canada's gross debt, during 1948 to date, appears to have been diminished by \$72 millions.

"We Owe It to Ourselves"

At the moment it stands at approximately \$15 billions; this is the sum which the government must pay, or see paid, between now and 1970. Figure I demonstrates the considerable sums which, in each of the ensuing years, if not earlier, the government must be prepared to pay. No account is taken in Figure I of repurchased or offset debt, since its distribution by years of maturity is not known; as a rough sort of compensation, war savings certificates, refundable taxes, and non-interest obligations, totalling about \$750 millions, are excluded. Also excluded are \$55 millions of direct, and \$8 millions of indirect, obligations that need never be repaid, being perpetual.

The total of funded debt represented in Figure I is \$15,185 millions, which on the face of it would require nineteen years of surplus at the present rate to pay off. (Actually it might take a few years less, because of the interest that would be saved. The Dominion's present interest bill, which is in the neighborhood of \$360 millions a year, after deduction of interest received on repurchased debt and other investments, is almost as great as an average year's expenditure for all purposes in the nineteen-twenties.)

Even if the view should be accepted, that the public debt is no burden to the economy so long as it remains in proportion to the national income, it may be seen from Figure II that in Canada this has not been so. Whereas we owed six months' income in 1929, we owed nineteen months' income in 1947; a depression and two wars have built it up from an inconsequential to a formidable total, and it is no less formidable because "we owe it to ourselves."

Though for the new fiscal year the Dominion's estimates of revenue must await Budget Day, its estimates of expenditure are already under the magnifying glass. Subject to revisions, the government proposes to spend

(Continued on Page 48)



Good men and true, these Shindollars! The father, C.E., is a tool grinder. He came to Studebaker for his first job over 25 years ago. The son, Russell, a metal finisher, started in June, 1946

Russell Shindollar Is Learning Plenty About Studebaker Craftsmanship From His Dad

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What this illustration emphasizes, though, is the intent interest of the younger man in the precision technique of his father.

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OF CANADA LIMITED
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Should Ottawa Reduce Our Taxes Or Pay Off Our Public Debt?

(Continued from Page 47)

\$132 millions less than in 1947-48; but here again, more than all of the decrease will be under "Demobilization and Reconversion." In "ordinary expenditure" there is to be an increase of \$174 millions, spread generally over the departments.

Notable increases in single items are few: \$9 millions more for airports, \$8 millions more for income-tax collection staffs, \$5 millions more for national parks, \$5 millions more for the Indians, \$2 millions more for customs collection staffs, \$1½ millions more for new equipment for surveying the steamer lanes—all of which items may well increase the public revenue and even the national income. Most conspicuously, however, there are \$7 millions more for family allowances, and \$27 millions more for old-age pensions. It may thus be observed, how any public authority that for years frustrates thrift by manipulating interest-rates downwards, must expect to pay in old-age pensions what it claims to save in interest.

Revisions in this program may well be on the cards. As a hedge against the Marshall Plan failing, Canada may feel constrained to spend more than the \$10 millions now contemplated, on representation abroad; and much more than \$232 millions, on defence. As a corollary to the Plan itself, we may yet find ourselves making available new credits to Britain and Europe, whatever may be the inflationary possibilities of such action. It might, therefore, be wise to set up, against so-called "active assets" of this category, a reserve of 75 or even 100 per cent. This would have the effect of taking such credits out of the surplus into current expenditure.

Let's Keep It Up

Nor would it seem unwise, once this practice were to be established, to run as large a surplus as possible for as long as possible. Out of the surplus, bank-held public debt would first be offset, repurchased, or retired without renewal, as the Canadian Chamber of Commerce recommends in its recent brief; thereby the means of payment in the hands of the public would tend to be reduced from its long-maintained level of \$7 billions. It is true that bank loans to enterprise have lately been increasing as fast as government debt to the banks has been paid off, so that such a point may actually have been reached, where the anticipated volume of private investment for 1948 could officially have been termed a strain on the economy.

If indeed we have reached the end of cheap money in Canada, higher rates of interest will take care of the strain; the economy will forego executing all of its private investment at once, and the total of means of payment may indeed diminish. After that it will be time to repurchase, or retire without renewal, publicly-held debt out of surpluses, and enable new funds to be invested in enterprise, without strain or inflation.

Tax Cuts Solve Nothing

Even if expenditures, in detail or in gross, can be reduced, such a policy of surpluses is inconsistent with the reduction of taxes. The temptation to do so, under circumstances similar to our own, came not long ago to the administration in Washington, as it must to any government in power. Faced with a surplus of \$5 billions, they proposed to cut everybody's income tax by \$40. More than a century ago, being embarrassed by a surplus of \$7 millions, and having neither income tax to reduce, nor Federal debt to pay off, they distributed the surplus among the state governments. More recently, however, the idea of introducing a general sales tax, to meet possible increases in defence expen-

diture, is now receiving consideration in the United States.

North of the border, suggestions continue to appear in print that perhaps the 8 per cent Canadian sales tax, perhaps this or that special excise tax, perhaps the tax on the lower brackets of income, will be reduced on Budget Day. Advocates of such reductions might do well to consider what the resulting increase in their take-home pay would look like in Dr. Spooner's glass; whether

it would buy them more butter, or build them more houses.

In the words of another professor (R. Craig McIvor, McMaster):

"In the history of the Canadian economy, where the national income has been notoriously variable, the problem posed by the existence of substantial fixed charges has been one of recurring difficulty. . . A substantial volume of international trade, developed on a normal basis, is the *sine qua non* for maintaining a relatively high Canadian national income. If this can be accomplished, the burden of fixed charges will be effectively eased. But the problem may also be attacked, and should be attacked, from the standpoint of re-

ducing the amount of these fixed charges. . . An obviously desirable step is that of balancing the federal budget, and of accumulating a surplus to be used to initiate a program of debt retirement. The surplus should be used to retire bank-held debt, and no further (government) bank borrowing should be undertaken. . . Under presently prevailing conditions, debt reduction is not only economically desirable but politically practicable. Coupled with the present uncertainty as to the financial implications of Canada's international commitments, the strongest argument may be advanced against further *ad hoc* tax reductions."

All power, then, to the Canadian

government's policy, lately reiterated in New York by the Minister of Finance, of paying off debt out of current surpluses.

MAPLE LEAF MILLING Company Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Fifty Cents per share has been declared on the Common Stock of the Company, payable on the Fifteenth Day of May, 1948 to Shareholders of Record at the close of business on the Twenty-third Day of April, 1948.

By Order of the Board
G. H. GAND, Secretary.
Toronto, Ontario,
April 12th, 1948.

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HEARNE · 1771



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